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THE VICTORIAN

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THE POTWELL GOLD MINING COMPANY AND SOME ACCOUNT OF THE POTWELL PEOPLE.

CHAP. I.

It does not in the least matter to the reader which of our many thriving up-country townships the name Potwell is meant to designate; it is therefore trusted, and indeed expected, that no comparisons or suppositions will be indulged in, but that the public will be satisfied with the assurance that the facts about to be recorded, are all perfectly true.

A great town is Potwell—as seen on the lithographed plan prepared by Mr. Winterbang, the Government surveyor, on which work of art it is depicted as comprising fifteen to twenty fine streets with big sounding and royal names—streets of faultless regularity and unbounded width, the very titles of which should give a value to the precisely marked-off quarter-acre lots, and create a demand for the tempting corner allotments. In the centre of the plan there is the market square, big as Smithfield and Covent Garden put together; the wilderness at Geelong is a garden-plot to it. Mr. Winterbang wisely foreseeing that Potwell might one day become a city rivaling Birmingham or Chicago in its dimensions and riches, determined to create such a market place as would supply a proportionate population; leaving plenty of room in the centre for the pedestal for a statue to the memory and in honor of G. L. Winterbang, Esq., surveyor and founder of the city of Potwell. This all looked very pleasant on paper, and it certainly was not the surveyor's fault, if on actual inspection the town did not prove equally satisfactory. He surely was not to blame if the people so long preferred living in the narrow and crooked little street, which they inhabited before Potwell was

surveyed. He was not answerable for their stupidity in leaving his capacious town and noble market square in the bush, only distinguishable by the surveying ruts and pegs. Theirs was the blame and theirs the loss. He looked upon the present as a foolish generation and put his hope in the future: and even when the only inhabitant of this township, which he had located, surveyed, and named, was himself, he yet considered it a great success, for peopled or not it had sold well.

Now Potwell had originally been called Muddy Creek, and the diggers and common people still called it that, but society did not recognise the name; the riffraff hugged Muddy Creek, but society only acknowledged Potwell; refined society dropped the t and the w and called it Po'ell, a name introduced by the elegant and accomplished wife of Alfred Tump, Esq., decidedly the leading attorney of the place. For although that rude fellow Jacob Brass did get more police court and trumpery debt cases, still, as Mr. Tump's wife used to say to her acquaintances, "Alfred gets all the respectable business of the town." Society at Potwell was a thing to be studied. It is a fact not to be denied that there is a tendency, amongst those who are not in it, to sneer at the society of the colony generally, to pooh pooh the idea of refinement; deeply immersed in the sugar and soap of their own stores, they find it impossible to lift their souls out of their tills, and do nothing but laugh at the amenities and etiquette of civilised life. But had they known a Mrs. Tump, they would have been more inclined to respect the claims of society, and more anxious to gain admittance into its magic circle. Mrs. Tump was the very essence of gentility, the personification of fashion, and the leader of one of the many grades of society in Potwell. But even she was not in the first circle; however brilliant she and her immediate acquaintances might be, still they were confessedly second to the *Upper Two*, who held undisputed possession of the top rank. This divine but somewhat restricted set consisted of two Government Officers, the two local heads of departments, and their respective wives. They resided close by each other about half a mile from Potwell and quite out of sight of all other neighbours. Their offices were in the town, so of course they were obliged to pass some few hours of each day away from their Sylvan retreat; but they held no communion with the townspeople further than their official position enforced, they participated in none of the Potwell amusements, mixed with none of its people, but at the close of each official day wended back to their aristocratic houses and wives, inviting each other to tea and passing the evenings in refinement and Whist. Great was the supposed luxury of the two mansions at Sylvan retreat! One was usually called the Police Palace, and the other was generally reputed to be not a whit inferior. It is true that they were somewhat limited in extent, each comprising only four rooms, and being of wood were not the most durable in the world, but at the time they were built, there was nothing like them on Potwell, and Mrs. Tump would have given her little finger to have had such a house. Into this charmed circle none

of the Po'ellites had been enabled to obtrude themselves. Mr. Maxwell, the police officer, had once asked Mr. Hamley, the auctioneer, in to have a glass of wine, but when poor Hamley a week after returned the compliment and civilly requested the exquisite Maxwell to step in and partake of some lunch, the Government officer cut him dead. The South Yarra upper hundred is nothing in exclusiveness to the Potwell upper two.

Next in gradation comes the refined society over which Mr. Tump presided. Mr. Tump as before recorded was in the learned profession, his years might be verging on forty, he was a gentleman, of a stately presence, large and massive, and if not a luminary in his profession, was undoubtedly a man of weight. His charming little wife, who was considerably his junior, was in the habit of stating that he left London, where he had a capital practice, solely on account of her health, the medical profession having insisted on her taking a sea voyage and living in a warmer climate, as being the only means of rescuing her from a rapid consumption. "And so," she used to continue, "my dear Mrs. Gopkin, Alfred did not hesitate a moment, but broke up his establishment, handed his business over to another solicitor, and within a month was on the water." All of which was strictly true; but if we must put the reader in full possession of the facts we feel bound to add, that breaking up their establishment in London was not a work of great difficulty or sacrifice, their residence being in furnished lodgings; nor was the handing over his business a process of much labor, the number of his clients never having exceeded three. Two of these unfortunate men were insolvents whose assets had been growing beautifully and rapidly less under the refining process carried on by Mr. Tump. The affairs of the third client were not likely to cause much anxiety to the inheritor of his practice, he having just commenced an action against his legal adviser for losses sustained in consequence of certain deficiences, negligencies, &c., &c., damages, £1000. Whether this action had anything to do with the speedy manner in which Mr. Tump carried out the suggestions of the medical profession, it is not for us to say, nor shall we consider the possibility of the medical profession never having given any such advice: we can only say that Mrs. Block the doctor's wife used to hint "that Block did not consider Mrs. Tump a consumptive subject;" but then Mrs. Block was inclined to be severe, and although on the best terms with the lawyer's wife, still there was a slight feeling of rivalry between the ladies. They called upon each other with the utmost regularity, occasionally spent the evening together, and were admitted to be the two great props of the Potwell Ladies' Benevolent Society, the minutes of which Institution displayed a succession of "Mrs. Block proposed and Mrs. Tump seconded," or "Mrs. Tump proposed and Mrs. Block seconded." Notwithstanding this apparent cordiality it is astonishing what spiteful things they used to say of one another. It was Mrs. Tump who first discovered and promulgated the fact that Mrs. Block was three or four years older than her husband, she it was who circulated the report that Mrs. Block's diamond brooch was only

good-for-nothing paste, and that Mrs. Block's account of her fine friends in England was the product of her imagination. The other lady was not a whit behind her friend in the charitable information she was enabled to afford for the delectation of their half dozen mutual acquaintances. What! exclaims the reader, only half a dozen acquaintances? We must reluctantly admit that this distinguished society was somewhat limited in extent, but then it must be borne in mind that Potwell was only a large town in the imagination of Mr. Winterbang. In fact it was a place of remarkably restricted limits in point of population, its inhabitants certainly not numbering over 500, and its habitations probably 100, at least one third of which were public-houses. The refined society consisted of some eight or ten families, the most remarkable of which in addition to those we have already enumerated were the Gopkins and the Swibtons. Papa Gopkin was the editor and proprietor of the *Banner of Potwell*, a paper with which all the colony must be familiar. Great was the originality of its leading articles, intense their profundity, lustrous their vivacity, and incomparable their honesty. If the paper had a fault, perhaps it was that its politics were rather dim. Mr. Gopkin's motto was to go with the times; he used to say that an editor had no right to any opinions of his own, but was bound to adopt those of his supporters, and that by advocating his own notions he was robbing the proprietor, for there was no knowing how such notions might hurt the circulation or diminish the advertisements. It may therefore be supposed that Mr. Gopkin, being both editor and proprietor, never permitted any dangerous sentiments to appear in his journal. The public he chiefly regarded were his advertisers. Sumpkins the draper and Fubbs of the Blue Dragon, whose lengthy business puffs appeared in every bi-weekly issue of the *Banner*, could have ordered leading articles in any strain and on any topic imaginable, so long as they would not prove offensive to any of Mr. Gopkin's other customers, subscribers, or friends. It was not his place to offend anybody; the "liberty of the press" did not mean writing abusive articles and driving away customers; and if a Government officer, or a town councillor had done wrong, had exceeded or neglected his duty, his own guilty conscience would prick him sufficiently without the aid of the editorial pen in that process. The *Banner* in fact was one of peace, and the main object of its worthy conductor and proprietor was pence. The Gopkins family consisted of his wife, as fond of pence as himself, and two charming daughters, aged nineteen and sixteen. Swibton was a manager of one of the branch banks; he was a gentleman on whom the weight of thousands sat serenely, he was always casting out dark mysterious hints about the great transactions of "his institution," which he looked upon as about the most important in the colony. Mrs. Swibton was very popular among the set and esteemed to possess remarkable discretion, chiefly from the fact of her preserving a most sagacious silence upon all subjects pertaining both to herself and neighbours.

It is not necessary for the purposes of our little history that we

should more minutely describe the society of Potwell. The reader will have the kindness to imagine its less distiguished classes. There were those who formed that charming society the Potwell Polka Club, who held their delightful reunions at the Ball-room of the Blue Dragon every other Friday, the President and M. C. of which was the elegant Fitzlaming, head shopman at Sumpkin's, and for the diggings as his admirers used to say, "one of the most dressy gentlemen you would meet with." It was rumored by malicious persons whose pockets were unequal to the suggestions of their vanity, that Sumpkins used to dress him gratis, so as to generate a fashionable feeling in the place; and certainly Sumpkins was an adept in the schemes and tricks of trade. The Secretary to the club was Gunn the carpenter, a decided Don at the Varsovienne and the politest man in Potwell. Its members consisted principally of the bank clerks and a few single gentlemen in Government situations. There was also a Municipal Council which might be called a society of itself. It was composed of five publicans, a slaughterman, and a radical barber, who was always talking of an appeal to the "Supreme people." He was a Convention Delegate, learned in the American Land System, the whole working of which he was familiar with (according to his own account) from actual experience, he having kept a barber's shop for three months in New York.

CHAP. II.

One day in early spring a year or two ago, in that part of the town which Mrs. Tump has designated the St. Kilda of Potwell, Gunn the carpenter was seen very busy erecting a remarkably neat weather-boarded cottage, four rooms, double verandah, iron roof; such a house, in fact, as had few equals in the town. For Mrs. Tump's residence, although weather-boarded, had but a canvas roof, while Gopkin's, a perfect barracks in point of size, was canvas all over, but being calicoed and papered inside, you might, as Mrs. Gopkin used to suggest, fancy the walls were brick if you liked, and very possibly you might with a great deal of difficulty, excepting during the hot winds. Among the first to observe this new domicile was Mrs. Block, to whose residence it was in close proximity, and the first idea it presented to her lively imagination was that a rival doctor was coming to divide the practice of her lord and master. Full of this anxious foreboding she started off to take the opinion of Mrs. Tump upon the subject. Now this latter lady had also remarked it; and the possibility of its belonging to a third legal gentleman coming to contest the business of the place with the respectable Tump and the sharp Brass had entered her mind. That it was somebody coming to settle down in the township was apparent, and from the site he had chosen and the place he had erected, it was evident that residence

or a profession was his object, and not a business. Long did the two ladies cogitate the matter until Mrs. Tump suggested that they should go over together and make enquiries of the polite Gunn. "But my dear," said Mrs. Block, "supposing any one should see us speaking in the street to that man, why he belongs to the Polka Club." The objection was weighty beyond all doubt, but it was overcome by Mrs. Tump suggesting, that people would only imagine that they were giving some orders to their builder respecting repairs. Scruples thus overcome they sallied forth and approached the man of chips, who immediately switched his jackplane under his arm as though it were a gold headed cane, and raising his hat made his inquisitors a profound bow. Don't talk of the want of refinement on the gold fields after such a bow as that. It would have been a pattern at Toorak. But spite of his politeness, Mr. Gunn could afford very little information; he received his orders from the timber merchant, he only knew that the party going to live there was a Mr. St. Evans, who with his wife was expected up in a couple of days' time; and with this the ladies were compelled to rest for the present content. The couple of days, however, duly brought the new visitors, together with an amount of furniture, which for Potwell was something quite out of the common order of occurrences; still their object in coming to settle in the town was a mystery. Mr. St. Evans was not an M. M. B. V., so the mind of the little doctor was appeased. He was not on the rolls, so Tump had nothing to fear. But it soon got noised about that he was a capitalist anxious to invest in gold field speculations. The steps Mr. St. Evans took to have his object thoroughly known, were certainly of a most complete kind. He had not been on the place three days before he called on Mr. Tump, and informed that gentleman of his benificent design to assist the miners with money, for the more effectual working of the gold fields; he also informed the somewhat stolid solicitor that in a month or two he should have two or three thousand pounds to lend on mortgage, if Mr. Tump should happen to know of advantageous securities. This last was indeed a fact to be noted, and the hint immediately enlivened Mr. Tump to a high state of obsequiousness. Potwell had a weakness for mortgaging, the only difficulty being a want of capitalists, for somehow the Melbourne lenders never could be brought to appreciate the value of Potwell property, and although land had sold for £20 a-foot they fought shy. With three thousand pounds at his disposal Tump knew of half a dozen mortgages safe as the bank, and calculated on as many deeds accordingly. The next visit Mr. St. Evans made was to Mr. Swibton at the bank, to whose care he in a business-like tone entrusted a bulky packet of deeds and securities, including Crown-grants, mortgages, and conveyances, at the same time intimating that he should be shortly opening an account with his institution, and in the meantime requesting him to pass a cheque for £50, which he presented, to his credit. The cheque was on Melbourne, and on a different bank to that over which Mr. Swibton presided; he was therefore not a little pleased at having secured such

a promising customer, snatched as it were from the jaws of the Celtic manager of the opposite bank. Mr. Swibton also foresaw the advantages in perspective that would arise from Mr. St. Evan's proceedings: —public companies—his institution being the bankers—gold produced—his institution being the purchasers—advances required on unquestionable security—his institution being the lenders—Potwell property increased in value—he himself having a few town lots to dispose of. He, therefore, immediately volunteered his assistance in carrying out the philanthropic and feasible schemes propounded by the stranger.

Potwell had been located at the time of the Muddy Creek Rush, which, of course, every body remembers, as well as the tons of gold that were taken from the gullies and hills in the immediate vicinity of the township. There was Dead Dog Gully, where they got the big nugget; Donkey Flat, where the shallow sinking was so good; there was the White Lead, and the Black Lead, and the Red Streak at the Wet Lead. But all those favorite spots surrounding Potwell were glorious only in recollection at the time of our story. They were, in fact, most unquestionably "worked out." They had all been turned over a second and a third time, and "fossicked at" for two or three years; and although the *Banner* used to intimate two or three times a month that "the old ground around Potwell was inexhaustible, and still supported a large and prosperous population," the diggers were pretty well aware of the fact that, to quote the observation of one of their number, "the ground was as thoroughly gutted as a dried ling," and it was looked upon as the last resource of the desperate, where, by running a great risk of getting smothered from the caving in of old drives, a few half-ruined miners could manage to starve. Unfortunately for the trade of Potwell, the miners were no longer located in its immediate vicinity. There were constant rushes to different parts of the Muddy Creek district. The escort returns were satisfactory. Trade, wholesale, was well enough. Still Potwell missed the diggers who were wont, when working within a mile or two of the town, to crowd in on a Saturday afternoon, spend their money, and get drunk. Month by month these visitors were becoming scarcer, and the cry of the townspeople was, what could be done to get the diggers nearer to the town. The Wet Lead, which had held out the longest, had recently dried up, as far as regarded work, on account of its exceeding wetness. The Weavers' Reef, from which such splendid specimens had been obtained, was at a standstill, for want of funds to erect machinery to draw the water from the mine, and crush the quartz cheaply. Numbers of holes in the Muddy Creek were reported to be choked with payable tailings, if they could be only emptied and cleaned out. When, therefore, Potwell storekeepers were informed, through the columns of the *Banner*, that a gentleman had come amongst them who was prepared, if properly encouraged by the townspeople, to erect powerful engines on the Wet Lead, such as would draw the water out of the ground as soon as a syringe would empty a teacup, to put up machinery on the

Weavers' Reef that would startle the colony, to organise a co-operative company for the complete re-working of Donkey Flat, on the same principle as the White Flat Company, Ballaarat, they were stimulated to a high degree of excitement. The whole bed of Muddy Creek and the contents of all the water holes were, it was said, to be ground-sluiced by means of an artificial creek to be cut for the purpose. These various undertakings would give occupation to a perfect horde of diggers for an unlimited time. The Potwellites, therefore, regarded St. Evans as their deliverer, and a public meeting was speedily convened to give him an opportunity of expounding his ideas. His suggestions were, that, to carry out these great undertakings, a company should be formed of 1,000 shares, at £10 each; and he would take one-half of the amount if the townspeople would take the other; but he did not think it necessary that the whole capital should be subscribed at once. He would put down a thousand if they would subscribe a like amount. By these means he proposed that the Wet Lead should be again set to work, and the Weavers' Reef be put in hand. Nothing, said the townspeople, could be more straightforward than this proposal. It could not be expected that a stranger would embark his money in an undertaking unless the townspeople endorsed the feasibility of the schemes by participating in the risk. A committee was, therefore, speedily formed for raising the requisite sum. Potwell was jubilant on its brightening prospects; the cautious *Banner* grew quite eloquent on the brilliant future which the introduction of capital was opening up for the thriving town. It spoke of the boundless mineral resources of the Muddy Creek district, and the neighborhood of Potwell in particular, as though it were a perfect Tom Tittler's ground.

Mr. St. Evans was the lion of the place, and his popularity was not diminished by the undoubted quality of his wife, who was duly called upon by Mesdames Trump, Block, Gopkin, Swibton, and the other ladies of the refined society of the place; visits which were returned in due form by the new comer, upon which occasions she left a card, that by general consent was declared to be the neatest thing of the kind on Potwell. It was highly glazed on both sides, and Mrs. Horatio John St. Evans was engraved on one, in the very smallest of German Texts. It was even rumored among the set that the upper two had paid the lady a visit, but this turned out to be an unfounded report. The chrysalis of the police palace remained unbroken. The lady presiding there, whose mamma had been acquainted in England with the the third cousin of a baronet, could not under any circumstances, allow herself to get mixed up with the society of the diggings. Mr. Tump, gloating over the mortgages in prospective, even went the length of giving a dinner-party, at which no fewer than nine sat down to table, a number altogether unprecedented for a private house on Potwell. The affair passed off with the greatest eclat, all the delicacies of the season, including kangaroo-tail soup, wallaby chops, and black swan, were among the viands. The wines were very choice, and were fully appreciated by the gentlemen, who,

towards the close of the entertainment began to get a little incoherent in their discussions of the prospects of the Potwell Steam-power Crushing Water-drawing and General Mining Company, capital £10,000. It was even rumored the next day, that the jelly had proved a little too strong for Mrs. Block, and rendered her gait a trifle unsteady. The only thing that annoyed Mrs. Tump, was that having only one parlour, it was impossible for the ladies to retire, as by all the rules of etiquette they were bound to do; this was remedied in a measure by the ladies adjourning to the bedroom for half an hour, and rejoining the gentlemen when the tea was served, and thus by a compromise, the refinements of polite society were preserved from total oblivion.

CHAPTER III.

GREAT were the exertions made by the people of Potwell to raise the one thousand pounds; the diggers were appealed to, but although they thought remarkably well of the idea, and offered to take up the labor shares to any extent, still nothing more tangible could be got from them. They came, however, and marked off claims on the Wet Lead and on the Weaver's Reef, for nearly half-a-mile on each, but having stuck in the pegs, they confessed themselves perfectly willing to wait till the company had proved the reef, and drained the water on the Wet Lead.

Mr. Stone, the oracle of the Potwell Local Court, and chief stump orator of the place, was inclined to be suspicious of the company, and of Mr. St. Evans into the bargain. As he told a great body of his constituents and admirers, from his favorite stump at the new rush, he fancied he saw in this plausible scheme, a dodge, a contemptible dodge to reduce the poor hard-working miner to the level of the Staffordshire potter, or the Manchester cotton-spinner. Capital was the poor man's scourge, and capital would grind the miner down to a slave; and would they as Englishmen submit to this? (Loud cheers and cries of "No! no!") Much in this strain argued Mr. Stone, winding up with an appeal to his fellow-workmen to have nothing to do with the treacherous company. Why Mr. Stone should call the diggers his fellow-workmen, we cannot explain, for he was never known to do a day's work. Occasionally, but very occasionally, he would shepherd a claim for a few days, but as soon as anybody would give him a pound or two for it, it was theirs. It was generally considered that a seat in the Local Court was as profitable as a good claim. As we once heard a member explain it: "There were so many little odd jobs one came across." From these "odd jobs," Mr. Stone derived his revenue, and when these "odd jobs" were

scarce, Mrs. Stone took in washing, or did needle-work, so as to allow her husband time to expound the rights of labor, and expatiate on the injuries sustained by the working man.

In spite, however, of the opposition of Mr. Stone, and in spite of the circumstance that Potwell was never particularly flush of money, still the £1,000 was being rapidly raised. All sorts of schemes and manœuvres were resorted to, for the purpose of selling shares. At the Green Dragon, and the Tin Dish and Shovel, there were nightly raffles for their disposal. Sixteen members at half-a-crown, or eight at five shillings. All the people in the place did their utmost to raise the money. Sumpkins, the draper, latterly complained that the very women were saving their money to buy shares. The prospectus in the *Banner*, duly informed the public, "That applications for shares must be made without delay, as only a small number remained unallotted by the Provisional Committee." So great were the expectations entertained of the Mining Company, that the ground in the high street, went up £2 per foot, not that there were any actual sales at the advanced price, but the people all agreed to consider it worth so much more than they had done three month's previously, and gave themselves credit for the amount accordingly. This convenient way of adding to ways and means, is rather common in the colony. It does wonders towards raising the value of freehold property. Potwell frontages had become valuable, solely by this means. It was thought a great stretch at the time, when people dubbed their land as worth £10 per foot; but gradually they had been advancing, until the rate had become doubled. It might be expected that during this advance, trade must have proportionately improved, but such was not the case. The storekeepers were still complaining of the want of business—not that there was much to gather from this complaint, for the Potwell people had never been known to do anything else but grumble,—still it was unquestionable that far from getting better, the trade of the place had for a long time past been really getting worse. But the company was to put all that to rights; there was to be no more want of trade. Everthing was to go ahead. It was even proposed that a stone theatre should be built in the town, the funds for that place of entertainment to be raised by shares, in the style of the Mining Company, and it would have been started there and then, only some one suggested that perhaps the one company had better be got up first, and then they could turn their attention to the Potwell Theatre and Assembly Rooms Joint Stock Association. In fact, the Potwell people were thinking of nothing but shares and public companies. Dr. Block was full of a scheme for supplying the town with water, by means of artesian wells and a public company. A public company for prospecting was a general topic, and in fact had Potwell been the Stock Exchange, there could not have been more talk of shares and joint-stock companies, provisional committees, scrip, premiums, and transfers. The *Banner*, in several magnificent articles, supposed to be from the pen of Mr. St. Evans, dilated on the great

future, which the co-operation of labor and capital was to open up for the colony generally, and Potwell in particular.

At last the thousand pounds were subscribed and the Company proceeded to take steps towards the commencement of the grand undertakings which were to immortalize St Evans, and confer such benefits on Potwell. The cash was subscribed and safely lodged in the charge of Mr. Swibton. A meeting of the shareholders took place, and a committee was appointed by them to confer with the capitalist and take immediate measures for commencing operations. This committee after a little difficulty prevailed on Mr. St. Evans to assume the responsible post of Managing Director, and he at once with the genius and system which characterises great men, set the undertaking fairly afloat. He immediately put himself in correspondence with several Melbourne importers of engines, and was soon in possession of a vast number of plans, sections, estimates, &c., &c. It was, however, on the ground itself that his operations excited the greatest admiration from the shareholders: spite of the opposition that Mr. Stone had at first evinced, St. Evans had obtained from the Potwell Local Court three extensive grants, one on the Quartz Reefs, one on the Wet Lead, and the third on the old ground of Donkey Flat. For these grants he established separate companies of 100 working shareholders, who were each to pay towards the Great Potwell Steam Mining Co. an entrance fee of £2. That company thereupon undertook to find the necessary machinery for working the ground and was to receive one-tenth of the gold produced, in remuneration, There, no donbt, would have been great difficulty in securing these grants from the Local Court had not St. Evans, with a forethought that did him infinite credit, turned the opposition of Mr. Stone into the warmest support, by conferring on him the post of Secretary to the Donkey Flat Co-operative Mining Compy., at a salary of £6 per week and the pickings. One or two more Local Court luminaries were induced to cast their light on the undertaking by the acceptance of similar posts. The shares were taken up by the miners with a rapidity that was perfectly astonishing, considering that the diggers always declare themselves to be only one stage removed from starvation. Try collecting for a hospital among them and the amount of poverty you come across is perfectly startling. Endeavour to raise the the wind for a benevolent society and you will find that instead of expecting to receive money you should have brought an inexhaustible purse to relieve the destitution that your enquiries will bring you in contact with; but when a share in a promising claim is to be got for a pound or two how quickly the money is forthcoming. How the Miner's rights are taken out on the morning of a new rush. With what nonchalance that fellow in the rugged moleskins and blanket jumper pays over his £20 for a chance in the claim next the prospecting hole; and yet all the eloquence of the clergyman had recently been ineffectual to extract half-a-crown from his well lined pockets for the benefit of the schools.

In a very few weeks the labor shares were taken up in all three claims, and were already at a small premium. A general meeting of the committee of the parent company was then called, at which Mr. St. Evans detailed his further plans. He had got capital offers from Melbourne houses. There was an engine with pumping gear for the Wet Lead, 25-horse power, to cost £1,100. There was a Chilian mill with any amount of crushers and powerful engine, £800; and there were portable engines, and puddling machines, and patent washers for the old ground. At the same time that Mr. St. Evans produced all these particulars he took the opportunity of handing the stipulated amount of his capital over to Mr. Swibton, £1,000 in acceptances, having short dates to run, by the most unexceptionable Melbourne houses; these he requested the bank manager to cash and to debit his account with the amount of the discount. The names were so thoroughly good that the manager did not hesitate a moment.

"And now" said Mr. St. Evans, "it only remains for some one to be appointed to go to Melbourne, and with the money in his hand, make the best bargain he can for this machinery; I would suggest that whoever goes should be empowered to close the transactions, pay the money, and see the things fairly on the road before he leaves town."

There was so much good sense in this proposition that it met with universal approval, and it only remained to appoint the man. This appointment was not long in dubitation; Mr. Swibton suggested that it would be impossible to find a more fit person than the managing director himself, acquainted with the parties most largely interested, and having a practical knowledge of the articles required. He hinted to his fellow committee men, that his Institution held securities and deeds belonging to Mr. St. Evans, to a large amount, and no doubt that gentleman would allow them to remain in his hands just for form's sake as security for the money. Mr. St. Evans said, that he would be delighted, nothing could be more reasonable and business-like, and for his part, he always insisted on all transactions being conducted in strict conformity with commercial rules, *no friendship in business was his motto.* The unanimous consent of the committee was speedily given to this excellent arrangement, and lucky they thought themselves to have found a man so willing to sacrifice his time in the way so liberally offered by Mr. St. Evans.

The next morning that gentleman and his charming wife left for Melbourne. The parting of Mrs. Horatio John St. Evans with her new acquaintances was really affecting. Mrs. Tump said, she felt as though she was losing a sister. Mrs. Block's only hope was, that her absence would not be long. Mrs. Swibton said nothing, but doubtless, thought the more. Many were the commissions with which Mrs. St. Evans was entrusted on behalf of her friends; for one she had a silk dress to purchase, a bonnet for another, a dozen pair of kid gloves for a third, the money for which was of course entrusted to her care. Mr. Swibton previous to St. Evans's de-

parture, handed to him a draft on the Melbourne establishment of his institution for £2,600, £2,000 being the capital of the Potwell Steam Mining Company, and the £600 the sum raised from the entrance fees of the working shareholders. A receipt for the amount was duly given, as well as a lien on the deeds and bonds held by Mr. Swibton, as collateral security. Mr. St. Evans started for the capital with such speed that it quite slipped his memory to discharge sundry tradesmen's and storekeepers' bills that had been accumulating since his arrival; he also omitted to give Mr. Tump final instructions about the mortgages that were in preparation, but of course, as his stay was only to be for a fortnight or so, all these trifling matters could be settled on his return.

During his absence the working companies were not to be idle. On the Wet Lead slabs were to be prepared, driving timber obtained, and a shaft of gigantic proportions was to be commenced. Near the quartz reef a large dam was to be constructed which it was supposed would pretty well occupy the time until the machinery arrived. At Donkey Flat the contemplated works were on a very extensive scale, a race was to be cut right through the flat and Muddy Creek turned into it. The execution of this preliminary work would employ the shareholders during the absence of Mr. St. Evans, and on his return their further operations would be arranged.

To work they all set, and in the *Banner* of this time, we find a long and graphic description of the great undertakings, and the systematic manner in which the work was being executed. Potwell was proud of its public spirit, and the theatre, the water company, the prospecting association, were all pushed a-head with every probability of success. Nor was this lessened, when a few days after the departure of Mr. St. Evans, encouraging letters were received from him, detailing interviews with merchants, iron-founders, &c., and promising the most satisfactory results from his journey, and a speedy return.

A promise which we regret to record, was not fulfilled. The great capitalist was never more heard of by the Potwell people. A fortnight after his departure it was found by Mr. Swibton's principals in Melbourne, that the Bills for £1000 discounted at Potwell, were forgeries. Further research on the part of Mr. Swibton led to the alarming discovery that the deeds, conveyances, mortgages, &c., deposited with the bank, were all worthless parchment; and the eyes of the bank, the Potwell people, and the Potwell miners were opened to the unpleasant fact that they had been calmly swindled between them to the tune of £2,600. Moreover, they had the satisfaction of learning some time after that Mr. and Mrs. St. Evans had got clear out of the colony, and were supposed to have gone to Europe, leaving their pretty cottage for the satisfaction of the dupes they left behind them.

We will leave our readers to picture to themselves the feelings of the good folks at Potwell when all these facts were clearly unfolded to their comprehensions. They will have the kindness to imagine

the exemplary fortitude with which the storekeepers regarded the loss of their shares and the little accounts which they nearly all had against the capitalist. The wrath of the miners was great when they discovered themselves done, and Mr. Stone was most eloquent on the sins of capital and the sufferings of labor.

The Weavers Reef is still untouched—the Wet Lead undrained—and Donkey Flat still smothers an occasional fossicker, a circumstance recorded in the *Banner* under the head of "another fatal mining accident." Muddy Creek still runs in the course nature marked out for it. No theatre yet adorns Potwell. The water company and prospecting association are myths; and that flourishing town has ever since been trying its best to forget Mr. Horatio John St. Evans and the Grand Potwell Steam Mining Company of which he was the energetic and methodical founder.

FOX THE ELDER.

A BIOGRAPHICAL MONOGRAPH.

John Horne Tooke—the political "Parson Horne" of Junius, and author of that fanciful book, *The Diversions of Purley*—published in the year 1787 a pamphlet entitled *Two Pair of Portraits*, in which he exhibited, in striking contrast, the characters, moral and political, of Henry Fox, first Lord Holland, and his son, Charles James Fox, as compared respectively with those of the great Earl of Chatham, and his son William Pitt. This pamphlet produced a memorable impression on the public mind. It increased immensely the popularity of William Pitt, who was then rapidly rising to the zenith of his power in the councils and the cabinet of the British nation; and it correspondingly depreciated the reputation and influence of his rival, Fox. The pamphlet has long been one of the rarities of historical literature, but specimens of its vivid style of portraiture may be seen in the "Life of Horne Tooke," by Stephens.*

Of the four portraits presented in that masterly production, three are familiarly known to most English readers. Lord Macaulay has devoted two of his finest essays to Lord Chatham, and has recently contributed a memoir of his not less celebrated son to the *Encyclopædia Britannica* † To what intelligent reader is Charles James Fox not intimately known? There remains only Fox the Elder; and it is a striking and significant fact, that of him no separate biography exists in the language. Even in popular Encyclopædias his name is not to be found. He is only traceable in the history of his times; and, we may remark in passing, it is one of the pleasantest and most fruitful of literary tasks to trace a celebrated statesman's career through the voluminous mass of contemporary history. But there is

* 2 vols., 8vo. There is a copy in the Public Library.
† Eighth edition, in course of publication.

a twofold reason why the subject of our present paper has passed out of popular knowledge. In the first place, his fame has been completely eclipsed by that of his far more distinguished son; and, secondly, his memory was *not* of that kind which men do "not willingly let die." It is the righteous, and not the wicked, who are held in everlasting remembrance. But there is a second source from whence to draw materials for a study of the life and character of Fox the Elder; and that source is the great satires of the age in which he lived. In Hogarth's living photographs, in Churchill's stinging sarcasms, in Gray's bitter epigrams, in obscure references scattered through the polished satires of Pope, and in the savage diatribes of Swift, the student will find abundant materials for his task. The sensual countenance of the once noted Walpolian statesman will peer out at him from a hundred pages, like the face of a leering satyr seen repeatedly through the autumnal alleys of a shady forest in Arcady.

In his essay on "Holland House," Lord Macaulay presents us with a half-length portrait, very much flattered, of the first Lord Holland. As the brilliant essayist was lavishing praise on the whole race of Foxes in general, of course it was impossible for him to withhold a little from the founder of the celebrated Whig House. He tries hard to say a good word for him; but in spite of himself he is compelled to adopt the tone of the "candid friend," whose criticism Canning deprecated so feelingly. "The first Lord Holland," he says, "was a needy political adventurer. He entered public life at a time when the standard of integrity amongst statesmen was low. . . . To Walpole Fox attached himself, politically and personally, with the ardor which belonged to his temperament, and it is not to be denied that in the school of Walpole he contracted faults which destroyed the value of his many great endowments. He raised himself, indeed, to the first consideration in the House of Commons; he became a consummate master of the art of debate; he attained honors and immense wealth; but the public esteem and confidence were withheld from him. His private friends, indeed, justly extolled his generosity and good nature. They maintained that, in those parts of his conduct which they could least defend, there was nothing sordid; and that if he was misled, he was misled by amiable feelings, by a desire to serve his friends, and by anxious tenderness for his children. But by the nation he was regarded as a man of insatiable rapacity and desperate ambition; as a man ready to adopt, without scruple, the most immoral and the most unconstitutional manners; as a man perfectly fitted, by all his opinions and feelings, for the work of managing the Parliament by means of secret-service money, and of keeping down the people with the bayonet. . . . He therefore became an object of such general aversion as no statesman since the fall of Strafford has incurred, of such general aversion as was probably never in any country incurred by a man of so kind and cordial a disposition." *

* Critical and Historical Essays: 1 vol., 8vo., page 583-4.

Is there not a spice of sub-sarcasm in this half-apologetic summary of Fox the Elder's character? We strongly suspect it; but, be that as it may, it shall be our present business to demonstrate, by an appeal to facts, some of which are chronicled in Lord Macaulay's own pages, that the popular estimate of Henry Fox was strictly correct, and the estimate held of him by his private friends nothing more than the falsely-indulgent extenuations of flattery. In more than one passage of his scorching satires does Charles Churchill—after Dryden, the most powerful satirist in the whole course of English literature—present us with a picture of Fox, which bears in every feature of it conclusive evidence that it is a portrait from the life, and drawn by the hand of a consummate artist. Here, for example, is the almost terrible diatribe with which the famous *Epistle to William Hogarth* opens:—

> "Be wicked as thou wilt; do all that's base;
> Proclaim thyself the monster of thy race;
> Let Vice and Folly thy black soul divide;
> Be proud with meanness, and be mean with pride.
> Deaf to the voice of Faith and Honor, fall
> From side to side, yet be of none at all;
> Spurn all those charities, those sacred ties,
> Which Nature, in her bounty, good as wise,
> To work our safety, and ensure her plan,
> Contrived to bind and rivet man to man.
> Lift against Virtue Power's oppressive rod;
> Betray thy country and deny thy God:
> And in one general comprehensive line,
> To group, which volumes scarcely could define,
> Whate'er of sin and dulness can be said,
> Join to a Fox's heart a DASHWOOD'S head!" †

And such, in sober prose also, was Henry Fox, founder of the noble house of Holland. He lived in a wicked and profligate age; never were public men more flagitiously unprincipled and shamelessly abandoned than then; but pre-eminent for evil qualities in that age, and amongst those men, stood this man,—the arch-leader of the dark spirits whose fixed design it was to compass, if possible, the national and moral ruin of their native country! Other men were corrupt, but Fox was the general corrupter. Other men were guilty of the lowest and dirtiest acts of political prostitution, but Fox was the universal seducer. He was the Belial of the obscene gang.

Henry Fox was a younger son of Sir Stephen Fox, a man noted amongst the politicians of the ante-revolutionary period. Sir Stephen was, like his son, essentially a needy political adventurer. He was an early companion of Charles the Second, and accompanied him throughout his long exile. He was one of the few lucky favorites of that flagitiously unprincipled sovereign. After the Restoration, he was made a Privy Councillor and Paymaster of the Army, and was even at one time First Commissioner of the Treasury. He died in a good old age, full of wealth and honors. He contrived to fix his family-tree firmly in the soil of English aristocracy. Decidedly a

† *Churchill's Works*: Aldine edition, 1: 219.

successful man! He also managed, during his life—as Lord Chesterfield sarcastically remarks—to "make a considerable fortune *somehow or other*," of which fortune he left a fair portion to Henry, his second surviving son.

This promising youth was born about 1705, and was sent early to Eton, where he made a school acquaintanceship with William Pitt, his strenuous political antagonist and personal foe in after life. Released from school and college control, Henry Fox plunged headlong into the worst dissipations of those pre-eminently profligate days. He gambled deeply. He staked all his fortune, and lost it. Desperate in circumstances, he fled to the Continent, where he fell in with an abandoned Englishwoman of fortune, who treated him as generously as Lady Castlemaine treated Handsome Jack Churchill. Her liberality retrieved his fortune, with—says Chesterfield again—"several circumstances more to the honor of his vigor than his morals!" Throughout all his life he zealously pursued his favorite vice of gambling—a notorious trait in his character, which Churchill lashed in his own scathing style:—

> "Thou noble gamester! whose high place
> Gives too much credit to disgrace,
> Who, with the motion of a die,
> Dost make a mighty island fly,
> The sums, I mean, of good French gold,
> For which a mighty island sold:
> Who dost betray intelligence,
> Abuse the dearest confidence,
> And, private fortune to create,
> Most falsely play the game of state:
> Who dost within the alley sport
> Sums which might beggar a whole court,
> And make us bankrupts all, if care,
> With good Earl Talbot, was not there."

Returning from his forced travels on the Continent, in 1735, the young adventurer entered upon public life; and under the auspices of his father's noble friends, found a seat in the House of Commons for Hindon, in Wiltshire. Having no principles of any kind to impede his freedom of personal action, he looked round for a party which offered the best chances of success to a beginner. The star of Walpole was then in the ascendant; and as Walpole's faction could be joined on the very easiest terms—the sacrifice demanded was only the abnegation of all personal honesty and all political principle,—Henry Fox naturally attached himself to it. What to such a man did it signify that he had been educated in the strictest principles of Jacobinism? What was it to him that his father had owed everything to the deposed House of Stuart? *He* never asked whether Walpole was a Tory or a Whig, a Williamite or a Jacobite. All he knew or cared to know was, that in the faction of the prosperous Minister there were to be found unlimited facilities for corrupting and *being* corrupted! His new leader was in the constant habit of sneering at "young patriots" and "young saints," and no man could more heartily join in the sneer than Henry Fox. As to patriotism, he

knew the phrase to be entirely meaningless. He held it as the infallible mark of a narrow and unenlightened mind to dream of the public good and of the protection of the constitution as desirable or even possible objects. He did not, himself, understand the terms, and as to Christian purity of morals, how could a young man steeped to the lips in the most infamous carnality conceive an idea of such a thing? Religious convictions! he laughed contemptuously at the bare mention of them. Did not *he* know better? Had he not gone through the regular initiation into Paganism, and learned the grand truth that "there is no God?" *He* had not an atom of "fanaticism" in his moral composition! What silly enthusiasts called "conscientious scruples," he knew to be nothing more than obstinate mental delusions. If a man must have an object in life, what higher or better object could he have than the promotion of his own immediate ends? The only maxim for a wise man, was it not the homely Roman motto: "*Rem, quocunque modo, rem?*" As for the rest, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die!"

Thus furnished morally, and possessing, besides, unbounded confidence in the omnipotence of impudence, and in himself—with untiring activity of purpose, and vast animal energy—Henry Fox flung himself at the feet of Walpole, and begged to be made serviceable in any way in the good cause of corruption! The sharp eye of the master discerned in the postulant the materials of a most hopeful agent in working out his designs. He immediately enlisted him in his service, and placed him under a course of the strictest Walpolian training. In due time his abilities developed themselves so satisfactorily, that the master first promoted him to the post of Surveyor-General of Works, and next to that of a Lord of the Treasury; and three years afterwards he rose to the still higher post of Secretary at War. The date of the latter appointment is 1746, and is consequently subsequent to that of Walpole's downfall.

The defence set up by Lord Macaulay, and by other historians of the Whig party, for Henry Fox's flagitious immoralities, both personal and political, is that he was trained in a very bad school. The excuse is one of the most notable pieces of cant ever uttered in this canting world. A man chooses deliberately, and of his own free motion, to join the Satanic faction—to enter himself on the rolls of the satanic college—and zealously adhere to the side he has chosen throughout all his life; and then, forsooth, the entire blame of the well-meaning patriot's delinquencies is thrown upon his unfavorable education! This is a sample of the modern historical ethics. The moral system which all profess to receive as divinely instituted and eternally obligatory teaches another and different lesson:—"The light of the body is the eye. If therefore, thine eye be single, the whole body shall be full of light. But if thine eye be evil, the whole body shall be full of darkness. If, therefore, the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness! Ye cannot serve God and Mammon!"

One of Henry Fox's first aims in life was to gain, by any means.

a footing amongst the very proudest section of the English aristocracy: and by dint of self-confidence and unscrupulous immorality, he succeeded. It is a maxim of William Hazlitt's, that any man may gain any woman—for which bold assertion, by the way, there is even Shaksperian warrant. Henry Fox believed it, and acted on it. He laid siege in secret to the heart of Lady Georgina Caroline Lennox, eldest daughter of the Duke of Richmond, and won it. An elopement, followed by a clandestine marriage, was accomplished between the pair, despite the watchful jealousy and determined opposition of the lady's family. Her parents remained to the last inexorably hostile to them. Fox, they said, had stolen their daughter. Nor was the private union effected without much public scandal. Years afterwards, when Henry Fox opposed Lord Chancellor Hardwick's celebrated Marriage Act in the House of Commons, the circumstances of his own surreptitious union were cast in his teeth. There was something eminently characteristic in the arguments used by the Walpolian senator on that occasion. "This act," he said, "will endanger our very existence, for without a continual supply of industrious and laborious poor, no nation can long exist, which supply can be got only by promoting marriages among such people," an argument that a Yankee slaveowner might have used.

From this inauspicious marriage sprung Charles James Fox, who was the third son, and was born in Conduit street, on the 24th January, 1749. "He became," as Lord John Russell tells us, "very early the favorite child of his father, who was accused of spoiling him by indulgence," and who actually did spoil his son's fine nature by criminal indulgences. Can any proof more decisive of this be given, than Lord John Russell's own statement, that before Charles was fourteen his father interrupted his education, and deliberately plunged him into all the unspeakable debaucheries of that "high-viced" city of Paris and the fashionable French watering-places? Nor is this all. Year after year the boy was sent to revel in the same depraved scenes. These early annual pilgrimages to Corinth, made Charles a confirmed debauchee, spendthrift, and gambler, for life. Nor was even this the worst. "According to family traditions," says Lord John Russell, "Charles was indulged in all his youthful passions, and when he showed any signs of boyish modesty and shame, he was ridiculed for his bashfulness by his iniquitous and culpable father!" Such was the system of family training pursued in Holland House. After this fashion were the young Foxes taught, by "the best of fathers," to sow their wild oats. In due time the appropriate crop appeared. Before Charles was eighteen, his father was obliged to pay gambling debts contracted by him and his elder brother Stephen ("my brother Ste," was Charles's familar word), amounting to £20,000. And this was but a foretaste. Before Charles was twenty-one, his father was compelled to ransom him a second time out of the hands of the Bond street blacklegs and sons of Israel at the incredible cost of £140,000! The money, as we shall subsequently find, came "somehow or other"

out of the Public Treasury. And thus was most conclusively exhibited the truth of a certain homely proverb anent money gained "over the back" of the Prince of Demons!

But we have digressed a little. We return to the clandestine marriage, to note that there is appended to it one of the prettiest little romances in all the Court history of the House of Hanover. Lady Henry Fox's younger sister, Lady Sarah Lennox, was, by universal consent, the handsomest woman in England. Young George the Third, many years afterwards, fell deeply in love with her. He would certainly have married her, if he had dared. He sent her a plain intimation in words, through Lady Susan Fox, Henry Fox's niece, that such was his serious intention. The whole combined influence of the Foxes and Richmonds was set to work to induce the young King to make good his half-promise. Lady Sarah was kept at Holland House, where she appeared every morning on the lawn dressed in the fanciful costume of a masquerade haymaker. King George managed invariably to ride in that direction every morning. Henry Fox (then Lord Holland), was conveniently absent at the seaside, for the benefit of his health, of course—though maliciously insinuates Horace Walpole, he may possibly have designed to "disguise his intrigues." But this little romance evaporated in smoke. The young King was prevailed on by the Bute faction (which included the Princess Augusta, his mother), to give up all idea of marrying a noble English lady and to accept a royal German bride. Had the consummation so devoutly hoped for by the Foxes and Lennoxes been actually achieved, how different would have been the history of England for the past hundred years!

The Parliamentary talents of Henry Fox were of no high order, but they were of a very effective kind. He was no orator. His elocution was wretched, and his action ungainly. He had a hesitating manner, and a great barrenness of expression. But by dint of persevering practice he raised himself to the position of an influential speaker. He gained the difficult and rare art of reasoning on his legs, and this always "takes" with the House of Commons. Horace Walpole thus antithetically contrasts the two powerful and jealous rivals, Pitt and Fox—"Fox always spoke to the question, Pitt to the passions: Fox, to carry the question, Pitt to raise himself; Fox pointed out, Pitt lashed, the errors of his antagonists; Pitt's talents were likely to make him soonest, Fox's to keep him first minister longest." But Fox never rose to be first minister. The age of Walpolian premiers expired with Walpole himself. On one occasion when the two rivals were sharply attacking each other, Fox said to the member who sat next him—"Pitt is a better speaker than I am, but, thank God, I have more judgment! It was the utterance of mortified self-esteem, and it was false. A man who is destitute of all moral principle, has never any great reason to brag of his sound judgment. It is noteworthy, that only once during his long parliamentary career was Henry Fox unseated for bribery. This was in his earlier days. Under the judicious guidance of his master, he

subsequently learned to conduct *that* branch of his affairs somewhat more adroitly!

When Walpole fell, the Pelhams, his worthy pupils, intrigued themselves into the vacant place of power. "Gain time," wrote the veteran statesman to Henry Pelham, "strengthen yourself, and enter into no hasty agreement. Whig it with all opponents that will parly, but 'ware Tory!" The time for Pitt's ascendancy had not yet come. Fox, with the fine instinct of a sagacious plotter, firmly attached himself to the rising party; and when Henry Pelham took the post of First Lord of the Treasury, one of his earliest acts was to find a place for his most faithful ally. When the short-lived Broad Bottom administration went to pieces, Fox's fortunes rose higher than ever. He was made Secretary at War. For eight years things went on with most unusual quietude. At length, in 1754, came like a thunderbolt on the sleeping parliament and nation the sudden death of the Prime Minister. Henry Pelham died, at the age of sixty, of excessive eating and drinking. "Now," said the feeble old King, when the sad intelligence reached him, "now I shall have no more peace!" Nor had he, during the brief remainder of his life.

The death of his patron was the signal for instant activity on the part of the arch-intriguer, Henry Fox, The elder Pelham, the "aspen Duke" of Newcastle (as Horace Walpole styles him), of whom Lord Macaulay has given us so lifelike a picture in his first essay on the career of the Earl of Chatham, was the only possible successor to his brother. In the House of Commons there were three aspirants to, and candidates for, the premiership. These were Pitt, Fox, and Murray, afterwards Lord Mansfield. But to each of these there were insuperable objections, either on the popular or the Court side. Still, Fox made sure of gaining the prize. He declared that he *would* have it, that he had served up to it, that it was his due, and that he was resolved not to give way to anybody. But the great families were all in arms against Fox's taking the Government. The Pitt's, the Lyttletons, the Grenvilles, even the old Earl of Bath, all joined in a declaration that if Fox were chosen premier they would combine against him. Then Fox retraced his steps and began to coquet. He affected coyness and reserve, and kept himself closely at at home. The old King sent messages to him through his mistress, the Duchess of Yarmouth. Andrew Stone, the ubiquitous agent of the Pelhams, came privately to him with overtures. Lord Anson, also waited on him with offers from Murray. The wary Fox was watching his opportunity! Yet, let Bubb Dobbington, and other private diarists tell us what the secret movements of this aspirant for the premiership were, at this interesting period of his career. Mr. Pelham died at six o'clock on the morning of the 6th March, 1754. Within less than hour of that event, Fox had called at the door of Mr. Pitt; before eight o'clock he was in conference with Lord Harrington (son of the Duke of Devonshire, and a rising man), and within an hour or two afterwards he was closeted with

the Duke of Newcastle himself, and negotiating terms with Lord Chancellor Hardwicke! Could the force of personal activity have gone further?

He failed, nevertheless, as we have seen. The "aspen Duke" took the Premiership, and, as his first movement, looked around him for a colleague who was competent to "manage" and lead the House of Commons. He fixed on Henry Fox. Then followed those singular personal negotiations which Lord Macaulay declares to be the most curious episode in English Cabinet history. The two intriguers were willing enough to co-operate, but they could not agree upon the disposition of the Secret Service Money, or, in other words, the Fund for Bribing Members of Parliament. Both were avaricious, and both were thoroughly corrupt. Newcastle was ready to give up everything excepting the means of corruption. Fox earnestly pleaded that the task of "managing" the House of Commons was quite impracticable, if the only means of accomplishing it were withheld from him. Newcastle vacillated, prevaricated, and shuffled in every way; but Fox was firm. The Duke's despotic avarice and uncompromising meanness, however, carried it at last. Fox retired from the memorable interview baffled, enraged, but irresolute. He felt, as Horace Walpole says, that he was "bubbled." The management of the House of Commons was confided to Sir Thomas Robinson, a man of no abilities, of whom Pitt contemptuously said: "Sir Thomas Robinson lead us! The Duke might just as well send his jack-boot to lead us!"

Fox's failure, in this instance, was only a just retribution for his secret treachery to the Pelhams on many previous occasions. Thus, whilst he was publicly affecting to support Henry Pelham on the Place Bill, he was privately urging the King to withhold the Royal Assent from it. And again: when the Opposition introduced a bill to repeal the oath in the Bribery Act, Fox was with Pelham at two o'clock on the day it was to be moved, and pledged himself not to support the Bill; yet, in an hour afterwards, he was in the House speaking strongly in support of it! The truth is, the "aspen Duke" knew his man perfectly well, and would not trust him any further than he could absolutely help. When Newcastle asked Pitt's opinion of the new arrangements, the haughty commoner frankly replied: "Your Grace will be surprised, but I think Fox should have been at the head of the House of Commons." Yet both Pitt and Fox consented to hold subordinate offices in the Administration. The former was Paymaster of the Forces; the latter was still Secretary-at-War. A new Parliament was called as soon as the new Administration had been formed. The two powerful rivals, now thrown accidentally into coalition for a time, and both cherishing the most contemptuous dislike and jealousy of the new Secretary of State, concerted together to immolate Sir Thomas Robinson. Night after night did they make their victim the sport of the House. Newcastle was furious, but helpless. He dared not dismiss the mutineers, and he could not venture to promote them. He had only one resource left—he might *corrupt* one of them. As he knew it was useless to

try this kind of art on Pitt, he determined to try them on Fox. Meanwhile, Pitt had strengthened his position immensely by his marriage alliance with the powerful Grenville family. He had begun to see his way to supreme power in the State. His mutiny rose into open rebellion. He had the splendid audacity to launch a thunderbolt full in the face of Newcastle himself. "Will you," he tauntingly asked the House, "will you degenerate into a little assembly, serving no other purpose than to register the arbitrary edicts of One too powerful subject?" The House sat listening in mute amazement, wondering what was coming next. Newcastle saw there was no time to be lost. He renewed negociations with Fox through Lord Waldegrave. He offered only a seat in the Cabinet, but not even the leadership of the Commons. Fox thought he saw the means of gaining a permanent advantage over his ostensible friend and colleague, but in reality hated and dreaded rival, Pitt. He snapped greedily at the offered bait. It was in an evil hour for his fame and fortunes that he did so. When Pitt learned the treachery of his colleague, he at once, and in silence, broke with him for ever. "There is no quarrel between Mr. Fox and myself," were his words. The public saw in Fox's subserviency to the Duke of Newcastle a combination of the basest treachery with the extremest meanness. Thenceforward Henry Fox's career sloped downwards to obscurity and infamy.

The crisis of the rivalry between Pitt and Fox had now been reached. One or other of them must perish. The hypocritical and mean-souled Premier hoping still to conciliate the Great Commoner, sent for him privately, and with his customary profusion of tears and maudlin kisses, he tried hard to win him over with unlimited offers. But Pitt was inflexible and haughtily scornful. When Parliament met (on the 13th November, 1755,) the terrible storm burst over the devoted heads of Premier and his secretary: for Fox in the interim, had arranged to take Sir Thomas Robinson's place, and was now virtually Secretary of State and leader of the House. Robinson retired upon a sinecure "Mastership of the Great Wardrobe."—a post for which his abilities were precisely adapted,—and a pension of £2,000 on the Irish establishment.

The opening debate on the Speech from the Throne occupied fifteen consecutive hours. It was marked by the first and only appearance on the stage of parliamentary oratory of William Gerard Hamilton,—"Single Speech" Hamilton, as the brilliant oration he made thenceforward designated him. But the triumph of oratory and power was all with Pitt. He denounced in a magnificent burst of eloquence the intrigues of Fox and Newcastle. "It strikes me now!" exclaimed the orator, as if smitten with a sudden inspiration. "I remember that at Lyons I was taken to see the conflux of the Rhone and the Saone,...the one a gentle, feeble, languid stream, and though languid of no depth; the other a boisterous and impetuous torrent. But different as they are, they meet at last. And long," (and here his tone sank into the most cutting irony,) "long may they continue united

to the comfort of each other, and to the glory, honor, and serenity of the nation!"

When the debate was over, Fox came up to Pitt and significantly asked, "Who is the Rhone?" Pitt merely responded: "Is that a fair question?"

The servile House, notwithstanding, gave the vote to the Ministry. Pitt was dismissed from his office, and Fox received the seals. Such was the admiration excited by Pitt's noble conduct, that his brother in-law, Earl Temple, forced on his acceptance a gift of a thousand a-year. But the ill-omened coalition which he had demounced in so superb a strain was of short duration. Fox speedily became disgusted with Newcastle's falsehood, perfidy, and impracticable childishness. In a fit of honest indignation he resigned the seals. Newcastle, deserted on every hand, was forced to abondon his post. The Duke of Devonshire became the new Premier; and, hoping to secure both Pitt and Fox for his party sent the latter to make overtures to his implacable foe. Pitt, in the bluntest manner and fewest words, declined to have any further political connections with Fox at all. Devonshire then agreed to treat with Pitt on his own terms, and thus the Secretaryship fell into his hands. "The pear was ripe."

Some more caballing followed, of which the issue was that Fox was taken into office under Pitt as Paymaster of the Forces, but without a seat in the Cabinet! Here was a fall which amazed the nation, and amused the House of Commons, whilst it gratified immensely the Secretary's haughty contempt for his enemy, But the motive? Why, the motive was, that Fox, whose ruling passion was avarice, saw before him opportunities for enriching himself to an unlimited extent at the expense of the public Treasury!

The death of old George the Second, and the accession of his grandson, led to a fresh revolution in public affairs. The Bute and the Scotch interests were in the ascendant. Bute wanted above all things, an able and thoroughly unscrupulous man to manage the House of Commons; and who so fit for the purpose as Henry Fox? The bargain was struck between the pair of corrupt schemers. On condition that he gained, by fair means or by foul, a majority for the Bute Ministry, Fox was to be rewarded with a peerage and a pension. Then followed events which, had England been true to herself, would have led to the hanging of Lord Bute and Henry Fox at Tyburn, as public malefactors. A regular office for the purchase of votes was opened in the Paymaster's closet, by Fox. Thither resorted members of Parliament in droves, each making his own bargain, and each carrying away in his pocket, in hard cash, the prices of his infamy. Votes were sold as low as 200*l.* a piece, and as mnch as 25,000*l.* was paid away in the course of a single morning. Coincident with this, the public offices were swept clean of every clerk and minor civil servant who owed his appointment to the Devonshire administration. This atrocious injustice and cruelty appalled even Fox's own allies. Of all men, even the "Butcher" Cumberland, who had been a bosom friend of Fox's for many years,

expressed his horror at the shocking inhumanity of which his dear friend was guilty. Fox went so far as to propose that the Whig-appointed judges should be turned off the bench.

But the nation was by this time exasperated into something nearly approaching rebellion. Junius, and Churchill, and Wilkes, began to thunder forth their anathemas at the corrupt and infamous allies who at once fleeced and bribed the whole country. Bute succumbed to the tempest. Fox, in desperation, claimed his promised reward. But no man had been hated with deadlier hatred by the Scotch and the tories than Henry Fox, the pliant tool of Walpole and of all corrupt premiers, and the bosom-friend of "Billy the Butcher." Two years previous his wife had been created Baroness Holland, and he now claimed to be elevated to equal rank. It was, however, a case of "diamond cut diamond." Bute tried hard to evade the compact, and lied to an unlimited extent. Fox, by reference to the negotiator in the compact, Lord Shelbourne, convicted Bute of the deliberate falsehood. "It was only a pious fraud!" said the detected schemer. "I can see the fraud clearly enough," was the sharp retort, "but not the piety!"

Fox gained his peerage. For two years longer he continued to hold the Paymastership, and to plunder the public. But his political career was finished. He sunk under the loads of public infamy and contempt heaped on his devoted head, into morose obscurity and savage self-contempt. His last ten years were devoted to the erection and elaboration of a fantastic but very costly villa, at Kingsgate, on the coast of Thanet. His choice of the locality was an index to the miserable state of his mind. It was on the bleak North Foreland, facing out towards the German ocean, where not a tree was to be seen, nor any visible object intervened to shelter the lordly dwelling from the chilling blasts of the northern sea. His town residence was the Whig-renowned Holland House, and there he died, unblessing and unblest, on the 1st July, 1774.

This rapid sketch of Lord Holland's public career will serve to give the reader a keen perception of the terrible force of invective conveyed in the following epigram by Thomas Gray:

Old and abandoned by each venal friend,
  Here Holland formed the pious resolution
To smuggle some few years, and strive to mend
  A broken character and constitution.
On this congenial spot he fixed his choice,
  (Earl Godwin trembled for his neighboring sand),
Here sea-gulls scream and cormorants rejoice,
  And mariners, though shipwrecked dread to land.
Here reigns that blustering North and blighting East;
  No tree is heard to whisper, bird to sing,
Yet nature cannot furnish out the feast;
  Art he invokes new horrors still to bring.
Now mould'ring fanes and battlements arise,
  Arches and turrets nodding to their fall,
Unpeopled palaces delude his eyes,
  And mimic desolation covers all.

"Ah!" said the sighing Peer, "had Bute been true,
Far other scenes than these had crowned our view,
And realised the ruins that we feign.
Purged by the sword, and beautified by fire,
Then had we seen proud London's hated walls;
Owls might have hooted in St. Peter's choir,
And foxes stunk and littered in St. Paul's!

But he did not end his days in peace. The popular indignation against his notorious venality and his frauds on the Treasury, rose at last to such a pitch, that the citizens of London in the year 1769, presented a petition to the King, praying for the dismissal of his Majesty's ministers, in which they openly stigmatised Henry, Lord Holland, as the "public defaulter of uncounted millions." The petition prayed for an inquiry into his Lordship's administration of the office of Paymaster, a legal prosecution, and an impeachment of the culprit, "that Henry Lord Holland may be an example to all future ministers, and show them how dangerous it is to enrich themselves with the public treasure, and sport with the rights of a free people!"

The Government would not, however, institute any proceedings against him in his lifetime. But after his death a prosecution was entered against Mr. John Powell, his only acting executor, who was compelled to refund a sum of £232,515 4s. 8d., in discharge of some ascertained balances due from his late Lordship as Paymaster of the Forces. Even this enermous amount, however, fell far short of the claim made, or of the actual deficit. And yet, in the face of these facts, Lord Brougham has the courage to allege that the charges of peculation brought against Lord Holland were conclusively disproved! It is useless, however, to attempt to set aside the palpable facts of history in such a way. The disgraceful truth stands for ever recorded against the noble House of Holland, that its hereditary wealth has been derived by direct fraud from the public Treasury.

Another very sinister event marked the last days of Henry Fox. In his "Epistle to William Hogarth," Churchill, satirising by implication the retired Peer, says:—

"Had I when Virtue gasping lay and low,
Joined tyrant Vice, and added woe to woe;
Had I made modesty in blushes speak,
And drawn the tear down beauty's sacred cheek;
Had I, from vengeance, by base views betrayed,
In endless night sunk injured Ayliff's shade," &c.

Who was Ayliff? He was originally steward to Lord Holland, and was promoted by his master to the lucrative post of Commissary of the Musters. He was a profligate debauchee, a gambler, and a villain. His reckless extravagance plunged him into all kinds of desperate expedients to retrieve himself. He ended by forging Lord Holland's name to a valuable lease to himself, and for this crime he was hanged at Tyburn in 1759. Till the last moment he expected a pardon. It was privately offered to him as from a powerful friend,

on condition that he should maintain inviolable secrecy touching certain official negotiations to which he had been privy. He gave the pledge, and—was executed! His noble "friend" saw clearly that Ayliff's death was the best possible guarantee of Ayliff's silence! This man's career bears a remarkable similarity, in certain of its features, to those of Robson and Redpath, the notorious swindlers. Lord Holland evinced an extraordinary anxiety about him from the moment he was apprehended for the forgery. But though it was perpetrated in his own name, he could not condone the crime, inasmuch as full publicity had been given to it. Whilst Ayliff was in gaol, his patron maintained him sumptuously, and at the last sent a hearse and four horses to carry away the dead body of his protegé. Some dark mystery enshrouds the whole course of the private connexion between these two conspicuous criminals. It was undoubtedly a fellowship of iniquity.

Churchill makes frequent allusions to Ayliff's fate in his satires. After the execution he publicly notified his intention of writing a poem, under the title of Ayliff's Ghost." A parody on the well known ballad of "William and Margaret" appeared after Churchill's death, with his initials appended. In it Ayliff is made to appear to Lord Holland in bed, "in dreams revolving future schemes his country to betray." The startled nobleman demands the reason of this spectral visitation, and is answered thus:—

> "What though I forged that fatal scroll,
> I only cheated you;
> But King and country you have wronged
> What will not traitors do?
> On aged Tyburn's triple tree
> A victim I was made,
> For fear my tongue should blab such truths
> Would make thy honors fade.
> Not all thy art or wealth can e'er
> Avert the stern decree;
> The same base hand that stretched my neck
> Shall do the same for thee!"

Churchill elsewhere speaks to a noble traitor thus:—

> "Blaspheming heaven and earth for pelf,
> And hanging friends to save thyself!"

But perhaps the most tremendous satire ever penned is conveyed in the following lines, from "The Author," by Churchill:—

> "Dost thou contrive some blacker deed of shame,
> Something which Nature shudders but to name—
> Something which makes the soul of man retreat,
> And the life-blood run backward to her seat?
> Dost thou contrive, for some base private end,
> Some selfish view, to hang a trusting friend—
> To lure him on, e'en to his parting breath,
> And promise life to work him surer death?

Grown old in villainy, and dead to grace,
Hell in his heart and Tyburn in his face,
Behold a parson at thy elbow stands,
Lowering damnation, and with open hands,
Ripe to betray his Saviour for reward,
The atheist chaplain of an atheist lord!"

Was ever anything written so killing as this? The "Atheist Lord," was Henry Fox; but who was the "Atheist Chaplain?" Why, it was the Reverend Philip Francis, D.D., translator of Horace, and father of Sir Philip Francis, who was certainly Junius, if Junius was any living man. One auxiliary evidence of this assumption, is the fact that Junius deals more leniently with Lord Holland than with any other member of the political gang. When Churchill announced his forthcoming poem of "Ayliff's Ghost," the Rev. Philip Francis waited on him, on the part of Lord Holland, and offered him any sum he chose to accept if he would only suppress it. Churchill contemptuously spurned the bribe, and in the foregoing scorching lines, satired both the corrupt principal and his obsequious chaplain. It was a splendid revenge! Subsequently, Francis broke with his lordship, because the latter refused to recommend him for an Irish bishopric, and forthwith he went to Churchill and revealed to him many of his lordship's private transactions.

Amongst the members of the tory aristocracy whom Fox was successful in seducing over to the court faction, was the young Duke of Marlborough When old Sarah, who was then living, heard of her grandson's defection, she was enraged to the last degree. Passing Fox one day in the street, she pointed at him scornfully, with "There goes the cunning Fox who stole my goose."

Avarice was the predominant passion of Henry Fox; but it was not the avarice of the miser,—it was the rapacity of the unboundedly debauched voluptuary. He gambled away immense sums; he paid away other vast sums in liquidation of his son's gambling debts; he never stinted himself in the gratification of any sensual appetite; he lived in great profusion; and yet, though he began life a penniless adventurer, he died very wealthy. Where *could* his limitless funds have come from, except from a public treasury?

He was treachery itself. No man could trust him. He betrayed all who fell into his hands. He betrayed Walpole to the Pelhams, the Pelhams to the king, and the king to all parties. He proved a traitor to the Duke of Cumberland, to Pitt, to Newcastle, even to Bute. He would have betrayed his country into the hands of her enemies for a consideration. And he was just as vindictive as he was treacherous. He affected *bonhommie*, but was at heart icy-cold and cruel. He it was who urged on the barbarous legal murder of Admiral Byng. He is said, by his apologists, to have been a good-natured man; but we have not been able to find a single instance of real good-nature in the whose course of his history. "He was, at all events, an indulgent father." Yes, he was one of those foolishly indulgent fathers who effectually ruin the morals of their children! *He* must, indeed, have been a pre-eminently wicked father who could

deliberately and utterly corrupt so noble a disposition as that of his still great son, Charles James Fox!

The pencil of Hogarth has made familiar to us the countenance of Fox the Elder. A massive face, strongly marked, with heavy brows, a most sensual mouth and chin, and a general expression of reckless self-indulgence: so we read it. His son Charles had precisely the same type of face, but with a much softer expression. Pitt the Elder was accustomed to fling personal sarcasms at his hated rival in the House. "I should be ashamed," he once exclaimed, making a threatening motion at Henry Fox,—"I should be ashamed to hang down my head and hide my face, as if I had murdered a man under a hedge!" Amongst his political opponents Charles James Fox commonly went under the nickname of the "Black Boy." In Hogarth's satirical plates of "The Times" Henry Fox is represented (with a fox's head) in the act of helping Lord Bute to overturn the British monarchy.

But we must here pause. An almost inexhaustible fund of richly historical anecdote remains yet to be drawn upon, if our space permitted it. The last impression of Henry Fox's character left on our mind by a review of his career is, that he was, take him for all in all, the best specimen which the eighteenth century produced of the POLITICAL BRIGAND. Throughout his whole public life his first object, and his last, was plunder. He was, however, the last of the Walpolian race of statesmen. The rise of Pitt's unexampled power brought in a new order of things. Nevermore was it possible for cabinet ministers in England to enrich themselves by systematic fraud, like that practised so successfully by FOX THE ELDER.*

D. B.

* NOTE.—It was intended to give references to the various works consulted for the materials of this article. But it was found that doing so would cumber the page and unduly extend the space. It may, however, be mentioned, that there has been actual reference made to the collected works of the following authors:—Walpole, Lord Macaulay, Lord Mahon, Gray (by Mitford), Churchill (by Tooke), Alexander Stephens, Hogarth, Coxe, Pope, Waldegrave, Junius (by Woodfall), Chesterfield (by Mahon), Brougham, Lord John Russell (on Fox the Younger), Dr. Thackeray, Swift, Doddington's Diary, the Grenville, Chatham, and Hardwicke Papers, the Annual Register, Quarterly and Edinburgh Reviews, and many others. This fact is mentioned solely for the purpose of pointing out how richly supplied the city of Melbourne now is—thanks to her noble Public and Parliamentary Libraries,—with English historical works of the very highest class.

D. B.

MR. HORNE'S ORION.*

It is, we believe, an honor peculiar to Victoria, among all the dependencies of the British Crown, that in its principal city a poem of no ordinary distinction has been published. Although the work was originally published in England, where it passed through several editions, yet a special edition of an epic poem in the very practical and unheroic city of Melbourne by a poet actually residing amongst us, is a fact which, though not very recent, the *Victorian Magazine* ought not to pass unnoticed. We would gladly think that any account of such a book was superfluous, but we fear there are too many who only know *Orion* as an appendage to its author's name in the columns of the newspapers. Yet *Orion*, although far short of perfection, is no common work, and its author no ordinary bard. If we shall seem to dwell too much upon his shortcomings, it is because we try him by no humble standard, and still hope from him some greater song.

The legend of *Orion* belongs to that small but interesting class of Hellenic Myths which are connected with the appearance and supposed influence of the heavenly bodies. Long, probably, before Homer had enshrined in immortal verse the deeds of heroes and of kings, some Bæotian shepherd as he watched his flock during the summer night, fancied that he could trace in the six bright southern stars with three smaller ones which cross them, the outlines of a gigantic belted human form. Soon he bethought himself of the great Oarion, the mighty warrior and hunter of Hyria, the mother of Heroes; nor was he slow to believe, after the simple faith of his country and his age, that the gigantic Hyrian, when he had run his earthly course, had found a fitting resting place amid the stars. When a connection was thus established between the hero of the local legend, and the bright and beautiful constellation, "the lively Grecian" soon extended to the latter the thoughts and the feelings which might have influenced the Hyrian Prince. As he watched night after night the course of the starry hunter, he was struck with the fact that the great constellation was but just ascending the sky when the dawn obscured his brilliancy. Had he continued his observations for a sufficient length of time he would, it was true, have found that this obscuration became daily shorter and finally ceased. But the canons of scientific proof were not then known; it was the age of simple and earnest belief. The Bœotian shepherd thought not of the rising and setting of the stars, much less of their cause. He only saw the disappearance of the beautiful giant at the approach of morn, and he felt sure that the goddess of the dawn, the rosy fingered Eos, had carried him away to enjoy his love.

* Orion an Epic Poem in Three Books by Richard H. Horne, Australian Edition, Melbourne, James J. Blundell, & Co., 1854.

We pass over, as not immediately connected with our present object, the stories of the Bear, and the Dog, and the other objects which naturally grouped themselves around the Starry Hunter as he pursued his wonted sport through the sky. We have to indicate another and less obvious step in the formation of the Myth. It is the story familiar to our schoolboy days, which refers the death of Orion to the shafts of Artemis. It is not easy to connect the influence of the Moon, even if we admit Artemis to have been the Moon goddess, with the disappearance of Orion. The legends which account for her wrath, such as the Horatian "Orion tentator Dianæ Virgineâ domitus sagittâ," and the story of the Scorpion, are plainly of later origin. It is possible that a separate legend may have sprung up on another soil, yet we think that the elder form of the Myth, which Homer gives, admits of explanation. Kalypso, when lamenting the cruel fate that robbed her of Odysseus, notices among other instances of the envy of the gods towards those fair immortals who had chosen for themselves earthly lovers, that "when the rosy-fingered Eos took Orion, so long did the gods envy her, until in Ortygia the golden-throned chaste Artemis slew him, assailing him with her painless darts." It may then have been that although the legend of the love of Eos rested on the disappearance of Orion, yet the origin of the legend was gradually forgotten, and the fact of his disappearance was thus unaccounted for. This disappearance, or death, was in accordance with the Hellenic belief, referred to the arrows of Apollo or of Artemis; and if the bow of the latter was usually bent against mortals of her own sex, yet it was not unnatural that the name of the mighty hunter should have been associated, as it has been, with that of the "Queen of hunters, chaste and fair."

But there were other facts, suggestive of other thoughts, observable about Orion. There was an old story that the huge Hyrian had once visited the vine-clad Chios; that there he saw and loved King Œnopion's daughter; that at the king's behest, he slew, as the price of her hand, all the wild beasts that infested the island, but that Œnopion (wine-man) defrauded him of his reward, and, in revenge for his acts of drunken violence, by the help of the Satyrs, surprised and blinded him. This daughter harmonized well with the appearance of the huge figure which, as in winter it sinks obliquely, seems to lie at random, carelessly diffused across the sky. We need not pause to show how the vintage commences at the time of the ascension of Orion, or to indicate its supposed influence upon his sinking. We must hasten to the remainder of the Myth. In the middle of March, under a Grecian sky, the constellation is too near the sun to be visible in the evening. Thus bereft of light, and sightless, rendered so, doubtless, by his past excesses, Orion roams forlorn, but he is not left thus wretched for ever. Some fifty days elapse, and the radiant giant reappears in the east, again rejoicing in the smiles of the golden-throned goddess of the dawn. But how was this wondrous cure wrought? Orion had evidently been with

the Sun, the Lord of life and light. Through his vivifying beams, it doubtless was that those eyeballs had been healed; nor was it difficult to believe that the fire god, in the absence of the better light, had given a guardian, for such seems to be the meaning of Kedalion, to guide the giant's darkling steps as slowly he waded to meet Phœbus Apollo through the mighty strength of the river Ocean.

Such is the character of the legend, or rather the group of legends, which form the subject of Mr. Horne's poem. But although he retains the form of the old legend, its spirit has departed. This which in our eyes is the radical defect of the whole power, is in its author's opinion, its especial merit. He distinctly assures us that "Orion is far from being intended as a mere echo or reflection of the past," and he observes, in reference to his use of Greek appellatives, that the names are of no great importance, and that his "fable would be perfectly intelligible to all classes of readers, by whatever names the characters were designated." In fact, Mr. Horne, while he promises a lay of Ancient Hellas, has given us a song of his own time. While the names of Heroes and of Goddesses are on his lips, his heart is with the Anti-corn-law league, and his musings are upon the progress of humanity. His title-page announces an Epic Poem, his book is a local allegory. The outward form and hairy hands are those of the rough huntsman of the Heroic age, but the voice, with the thoughts which it expresses, is the voice of the poet's generation.

We do not find fault with *Orion* merely because it is not something different from what it professes to be. We could indeed have wished that Mr. Horne had left to others his "novel experiment upon the mind of a nation." We would gladly have heard from one who unquestionably possesses the "energy divine," a real epic poem on some of the grand old tales of Greece. But we hold that the original conception of *Orion* as we have it, is an error for which no beauties of detail can atone. No philosophical power, whether its subject be taken from the natural or the moral scienes, ever has been, or ever can be successful. The reason is that science is not merely not poetical, but it is positively unpoetical. The generalizations which form the glory of the philosopher are foreign to the mind of the poet. The aim is to give to airy nothings a local habitation and a name. The philosopher seeks to comprehend things which actually possess a local habitation and a name within the range of an airy law. The progress of science does indeed constantly disclose relations and combinations of the grandest kind, but the brilliancy which invests them is of a colder though less dazzling nature, than the halo which encircles the poet's head. It is the calm cold beauty of Artemis, rather than the glowing charms of Eos.

Mr. Horne admits that he intended to illustrate the principles of Free Trade in the episode of the inhabitants of Stony Ithaca during a famine. He defends his practice by the universality of the principles, and by his having so idealized the picture as to render it in keeping with the rest of the story, its scenery and characteristics.

We gladly accept the latter part of the defence. The whole passage is exquisitely done, and, did space permit, we would gladly adorn our pages with the entire episode. But the great skill, and the poetic ability which is here displayed, only increases our vexation at their misapplication. What if the principles are universal? What has poetry to do with such generalizations? And even if it had, was it to recall us from the fair fields of imagination to the turmoil of everyday life; from the smiling seas and sunny skies of Hellas to the foul air and angry words of crowded meetings, and violent orators. We get quite enough of plausible Premiers and Corn-Law catechisms in everyday life, without being forced to encounter them in the pleasant paths of poetry.

It is time however, to proceed from the legends of Orion to Orion himself. We make our first acquaintance with him amid the merry music of a hunt. Artemis, with all "her boskined nymphs and sylvan rout" has descended to "scare-the silence and the sacred shade" of the rocky heights of Chios. The sound of the hunt proceeds, when suddenly on the broad sunny slope of the mountain the shadow of a stag appears fast flying before the shadow of a spear-armed giant. We will not at present offer any remark on this subject, but at once give to our readers the following picture of the hero's first meeting with Artemis—

> The shadowy chase has vanished; round the swell
> Of the near mountain sweeps a bounding stag—
> Round whirls a god-like giant close behind—
> O'er a fallen trunk the stag with slippery hoof
> Stumbles—his sleek knees slightly touch the grass—
> Upwards he springs—but in his forward trip,
> The giant's hand hath caught him fast beneath
> One shoulder tuft, and, lifted high in air,
> Sustains! Now Phœbus' chariot rising bursts,
> Over the summits with a circling blaze,
> Gilding those frantic antlers and the head
> Of that so glorious giant in his youth,
> Who as he turns, the form succinct beholds
> Of Artemis—her bow with points drawn back,
> A golden hue on her white rounded breast
> Reflecting, while the arrow's ample barb
> Gleams o'er her hands, and at his heart is aimed.

We had intended to have quoted the description of Orion as he knelt before the angry goddess, but we must refer our fair readers to the original for an account of his chesnut locks and deep blue eyes. They, when they have read the description, will readily believe that the goddess is quickly appeased, and admits Orion into her train. Henceforward a new and higher period began in the giant's life, blessed in Artemis's divine smile. He shunned the rude ways of his former companions, and as he slept upon a verdant rock, the clear moon, as she floated over him, poured her sweet influence into his soul, and "he knew 'twas love."

For some time the goddess exercised a gentle but ennobling influence over Orion's mind, but at length one sultry day, the young

giant accidently found the hunter's queen asleep in a shady cave; at first, fearful of offence, he hastily retires, but soon his better purpose fails him. In a passage, almost the finest in the poem, his doubtful feet and wavering resolution are brought vividly before us, until at length as he gazed in unutterable rapture upon the peerless form, the offended goddess woke, and dispersing amid dense vapoury clouds, left him chilled and almost petrified in the leafy bower.

It is not easy to describe the next canto. Orion still remains the attendant of Artemis, but undergoes from tyrant sense to pure intellect, "more toil of brain and limb, sole panacea further change." He becomes depressed, and at length visits his giant friends, and invites them to an orgie in the plains. Their noisy revel over, as Orion lies dreaming of the beautiful Merope, whose charms had been sung at his feast, he hears a voice commanding him to depart from Artemis, for that he is too full of earth to be worthy of her love.

In the second book, we have a new heroine. As Artemis represents the purely intellectual, so Merope, the beautiful daughter of the King of Chios, is the type of the sensuous portion of nature. She has seen and loved the handsome giant, and does not hesitate to make the first advances to him. Orion soon becomes desperately in love. King Œnopion does not approve of the proposed alliance, but, as he fears to reject it, he demands from Orion that he should first clear the island within six days of all wild beasts. Orion seeks for assistance from his brother giants. We should not have so long delayed the introduction of these worthies, and, to make amends, we shall present them in Mr. Horne's own words.

Midst ponderous substance had Orion's life
Dawned, and his acts were massive as his form.
Those, his companions of the forest owned
Like corporal forces, but their several minds
And aims were not as his. The worker he,
The builder-up of things, and of himself;
His wood-friends were Rhexergons' of descent
Royal, heroic—breaker-down of things—
A coaster skilled in fishing and in ships;—
Autarces, arch-backed like the forest boar,
Short-haired, harsh-voiced, of fierce and wayward will;
Harpax, with large loose mouth, and restless hand,
Son of the God of Folly by a maid
Who cursed him—and the child, an idiot else,
Grew keen, in rapine taking great delight;—
Forceful Biastor—smooth Encolyon,
The son of Hermes, yet in all things slow
With sight oblique and forehead slanting high,
The dull retarder, chainer of the wheel;—
And Akinetos—who, since first the dawn
Sat on his marble forehead, ne'er had gazed
Onward with purpose of activity,
Nor felled a tree, nor hollowed out a cave,
Nor built a roof, nor aided any work,
Nor heaved a sigh, nor cared for anything,
Save contemplation of the eternal scheme—
The Great Unmoved—a giant much revered."

After some debate, and no easy terms, the giants agreed to assist Orion. But partly to defeat his object, and partly to punish their insulting expressions towards herself, Artemis induced Phœbus to destroy three of them with a sun-stroke, while the other two she throws into a sound sleep. Akinetos had remained passive through out. Orion, although unaided, accomplished his task in the given time, and claims his bride. The king, whose fear of the giants was removed by their recent losses, refused to keep his word, and Orion is in despair. But at length Rhexergon and Biastor awake from their trance, and join him in an attack upon the palace; whence they bear away in triumph the willing Merope. In the depths of a cedar forest, Orion has built a bower for his bride, and there they pass a brief but rapturous time, until Orion in the fulness of his happiness walks alone along the shore of the sounding sea; and at length sinking on a sandy mound, he sleeps "the profound sleep of life's satiety." But meantime the servants of the king had carried off Merope, while another division of their party stealthily approaching the sleeping giant, pour poison on the eyes.

> "And blind Orion, starting at once erect
> Amid the darkness, with extended arms
> With open mouth that uttered not a word,
> Stood statue-like, and heard the ocean moan."

As the first and second books describe imperfect sympathies, alike incomplete, and alike disastrous, so the third depicts the attainment of that highest happiness which a perfect sympathy with the whole of our nature can alone afford. Orion, after much suffering of body and mind, at length made his way to the house of Hephæstos, and besought Brontes, the cyclops, to mount his shoulders and guide his course to meet the morning as she rose

> "Level with the sumit of that eastern mount,
> By slow approach, and like a promontory
> Which seems to glide and meet a coming ship,
> The pale gold platform of the morning came
> Towards the gliding mount. Against a sky
> Of delicate purple, snow-bright courts and halls,
> Touched with light silvery green, gleaming across,
> Fronted by pillars vast, cloud-capitalled,
> With shafts of changeful pearl, all reared upon
> An isle of clear ærial gold, came floating;
> And in the centre, clad in fleecy white,
> With lucid lilies in her golden hair,
> Eos, sweet goddess of the morning, stood."

Her balmy beams quickly healed the giant's eyes, and in thankfulness and devotion, which rapidly ripened into a warmer feeling not unreturned, "clear browed Orion" continued to dwell within the glowing palace of the morn. We had marked for quotation many other passages, for which, and for the fates of the other giants, we can find no room. We can only add that in all the pride of his renewed power, and all his high aspirings and his new found hap-

piness, the shafts of Artemis pierce Orion's heart. Subsequently, in bitter though fruitless grief for the effects of her frantic jealousy, Artemis accompanies the forlorn Eos to the throne of Zeus, to pray that Orion might be restored to earth. From the dark pile of cloud that encompassed the Father of Gods and men, the answer came forth that he should be restored, but not to earth, and at length the rival goddesses, united by a common sorrow, "saw, slow rising from the sea—

> "The luminous giant clad in blazing stars,
> New born and trembling from their maker's breath—
> Divine, refulgent effluence of love.
> Though to his unsubstantial form no gleam
> Of mortal life's rich colors now gave warmth,
> Yet was the image he had worn on earth,
> With all its memories of the old dim woods—
> The caves—his toils, joys, griefs—the fond old ways
> The same—his heart the same e'en as of yore.
> With pale gold shield, like a translucent moon,
> Through which the morning with ascending cheek
> Sheds a soft blush, warming cerulean veins;
> With radiant belt of glory, typical
> Of happy change that o'er the zodiac round,
> Of the world's monstrous phantasies shall come;
> And in his hand a sword of peaceful power,
> Streaming like a meteor to direct the earth
> To victory over life's distress, and show
> The future path whose light runs through death's glooms;
> In grandeur, like the birth of motion, rose
> The glorious giant, tow'rds his place in heaven."

There are two modifications made by Mr. Horne in the old myth, which we cannot regard as improvements. One is the substitution of the Cyclops Brontes for the boy Kedalion as Orion's guide. It is difficult to see the reason of the change. Beyond executing in triumph a sort of savage war-dance before the cave of Akinetos, to that revered giant's manifest discomposure, the Cyclops takes no part in the action. We cannot but think that Orion, giant though he was, would have preferred the light and clever boy, as a load, to the good hearted but somewhat ponderous blacksmith. In the present form of the poem, the change is not important, but Kedalion was the subject of Sophocles' satyric dramas, and we would gladly have seen his loss supplied by Mr. Horne. We rather lament the absence of what we might have had, than find fault with that which is given us. But a much more whimsical change, and one which does much more violence for the sake of the allegory to the old myth, is Orion's shadow-hunting According to the creed of Hellas, the same pursuits which formed their delight in the light of life, engaged the heroes in the gloomy realms of Hades. As Orion had on earth been renowned as a huntsman, as still among the stars he pursued the flying bear up the celestial hill, so when he had disappeared from the sight of mortals, was he seen by Odysseus still pursuing through the mead of asphodel the unsubstantial chace, still grasping his

shadowy club, all brazen, ever infrangible. But Mr. Horne has quite another idea of this hunter of shadows. According to him, Orion, while still in the flesh, had to pursue the shadows only of the game, well knowing them to be such.

> ——— Wherefore through the forest depths,
> Through vales, and over hills, a hunter fleet
> He chased his unknown hopes; and when the stag,
> Or goat, or ounce he overtook and seized,
> Ever he let them free; and e'en the bear
> And raging boar his spear refrained to strike,
> Save by its shadow, as it roaring fled.
> The bodily thing became to him as nought
> When gained, nor satisfied with efforts passed.

What a strange jumble of the subtle allegory, and the simple old myth!

One almost inevitable consequence of the structure of the poem is that we feel no interest in its characters. We do not know them. They are names, and nothing more. In a poem devoted to human progress, there is no human interest. We really cannot care for Artemis, or Merope, or even Eos. It is not that those creatures who are too bright for earth are beyond the reach of human love and admiration. The peerless daughter of Zeus, the frenzied Colchian princess, the heavenly Una, wandering through Fairy land, the innocent Lady of the Enchanted Isle, bonny Kilmeny's angel Grace, are all, with many more such radiant creations, our old and familiar friends. But what do we know of any of Mr. Horne's goddesses? A few sketches, each sufficiently vague and sufficiently beautiful, to do duty in a Book of Beauty as a "Portrait of a Lady," are all that he gives us. Artemis may have been cold and jealous, Merope ardent, but ready to forget, Eos all that is lovely, but still we have only Mr. Horne's word for it; our acquaintance with them is but by description after all. Even Orion himself, at no period of his history, is interesting. Some prominent facts in his life are told to us, but there is no development of character. The temple may be a noble building, and worthy of all admiration, but we had rather find out its beauties for ourselves than accept them from the recital of the cicerone.

The giants are an addition of Mr. Horne to the old story. They do not materially affect the plot, if plot, indeed, there be, and are obviously introduced for allegorical purposes. Orion, according to his author's description, which we are bound to accept, is "the type of a worker and builder for his fellow-men." The others are the representations of social forces. Eucolyon represents the ultra Tory or stationary element, while Rhexergon is the genius of desperate revolution. Biastor is, we suppose, blind and uncontrolled violence; Harpax is knavish cunning and greed; and Autarces, ignorant self-conceit. Akinetos is the impersonation of *laissez-faire*. He is the most prominent of all the giants, although his sublime apathy borders, neither slightly nor seldom, upon the ridiculous. Eucolyon is, in

our judgment, the best drawn of them all. Mr. Horne tells us that "his friend, Alfred Tennyson," accused him of intending this plausible giant "for a certain eminent statesman of the day." He offers a rather faint denial, talks of the dignity of epic poetry, but evidently enjoys the idea, and thinks the thing rather a good hit. Whatever may have been his intentions, it is plain that his thoughts were not amid the rocks of Chios when he wrote. We can fancy the laureate's half-vexed surprise, when he first read the book. Little to him was the strife of parties, when the piteous appeal of the beautiful-browed Onone to dear mother Ida, many-fountained Ida, was ringing in his ears. He did not think of the objectionable character of a life spent in idle contemplation, or of the extreme opinions as to the functions of government, when his mind's eye saw the Lotus-eaters in their "mildly-minded melancholy" watching the ripples of the waves, and musing over their infant years and their long-lost homes. The other giants are nothing. Their tragic ends, however, are startling. We can trace a meaning in the Breaker down being involved in the ruin which he himself had made. There may be a deep significance in the death of the Forceful, in his headlong descent carrying away, but crushed by the honored remains of the Impeder. We may even concede Mr. Horne's claim of having impartially administered poetical justice, by setting poor *Laissez-Faire* in a stone wall, while Progress shines above for ever. But as to the other three, we are quite at a loss. We do not see any meaning in consuming with the sun's rays the Impeder, and the Self-willed, and the Rogue. Neither in the legend nor the allegory can we find any explanation of this sad catastrophe. "Why were the three giants baked" remains for us an insoluble problem.

Mr. Horne, in a preface written in "the far bush," says that he does not at all feel as if he had written the work, so complete is the change in his circumstances and associations. One might almost think, however, that he had a kind of *prevoyance* of idealized lubras and uncompensated squatters, when he sung of—

> "—— Nymphs
> With clear elastic limbs of nut-brown hue,
> Or like tanned wall-fruit, ripening and compact,
> And short-horned fawns, down gazing on their pipes."

Since that preface was written, "the lonely lagoons of Waranga" have been exchanged for the offices of the Water Commission and the busy streets of the restless Melbourne. We fear, however, that the conditions of Victorian life are not favorable to the powers of the sons of song. Certain it is, that, of late years, Mr. Horne has uttered no voice worthy of himself. He doubtless continues to solace himself with his own proud aud beautiful words :—

> "The poet of the future knows his place
> Though, in the present, shady be his seat
> And all his laurels deepening but the shade."

But we are not content with an appeal to posterity. We would rather regard Mr. Horne as the poet of the present, and would gladly see him come forth in his minstrel's robes from that shady seat, and sing, for he can sing, what would justly win for him the title to which he aspires, but which we think he has hardly yet gained.

THE SPANISH MARRIAGE

A DRAMATIC STORY,

IN THREE PARTS.

PERSONS OF THE STORY.

PHILIP THE SECOND, KING OF SPAIN.
DON CHARLES (his Son).
THE MARQUIS OF POSA.
RUY GOMEZ, PRINCE OF EVOLI.
THE DUKE OF ALVA.
ELIZABETH OF VALOIS, QUEEN OF SPAIN.
THE PRINCESS OF EVOLI.

PERIOD, 1567.

TIME OF THE ACTION: Part of a day and night.

PART I.

SCENE. I.

The exterior of a Cathedral at the back of the stage.—Enter from the door Charles and Posa, who descend the steps and advance hurriedly to the front of the Stage.

CHARLES: These impious marriage rites! Oh holy nature
How art thou now profaned!
POSA: But yet my lord
Permit the friend who ventured to dissuade you
From being present at this ceremony,
To urge the danger of a seeming scorn
Cast on the king by your abrupt departure,
Before the benediction had been given
CHARLES: The benediction! frightful mockery!
Had I stayed longer, Henry, I had rushed
To the high altar, and in tones to thrill
The ashes of the dead beneath my feet,
Proclaimed the scene a most unrighteous lie.
POSA: Let me implore be calm.

CHARLES : Be calm! and love ?
You know she was affianced unto me ;
She knows it too ; letters have passed between us
Our portraits been exchanged.—You know the king
Made overtures to Elizabeth Queen of England,
Who said her hand was otherwise engaged
In grasping tight the sceptre. Thwarted there,
This father casts his eye tow'rds France, and sees
His son's betroth'd—thence, and now, weds her. Shame
On royal contract-oaths! I am a slave :
A thing for men to whet their wits upon
To have suffered this.

POSA : I grieve for all the wrongs
Scorns and indignities which—

CHARLES : From my birth
Forget not that!—

POSA : The king has heaped upon you
But he is absolute and waves his will
O'er every head at pleasure. Hear me now
There is no being on the earth so helpless
As a king's son and heir ; he's sought and flattered
And lov'd for that which may be, not which is :
All in expectancy, and meanwhile nothing —
(*Aside*) He does not listen.

CHARLES : Stay, they are about
To leave the church ; the sacrifice is ended :
Stand close : you shall see pomp and majesty
A king and queen pass by—a stately sight !
You would not think sir that the king bears with him
A perjured heart—the queen a blighted one.

(The doors of the cathedral are thrown open and a marriage procession comes slowly forth and passes out.)

Didst thou behold ! all is accomplished now,
And nought remains for me but to begone.
After to-day I must not see her more.
Must not ? who shall prevent me but the king?
Who knows not what a heaven shines through her eyes
Into my soul. Oh thou hast triumphed o'er me,
Thou ruthless father and I must submit,
In meek endurance of thy sharpest taunts,
So I may live here in her presence.

POSA : Hold !
Or I must blush to call a man my friend,
Who lives but in his passions. In my heart
Your sorrows, Prince, have ever had a place ;
But it shall harbor none that seek admittance
When they come hand in hand with guilt and weakness.
I claim your promise : you must hence with me
Nothing can tempt you if my plea avail not.

CHARLES: Blame not, but pity me : I am not myself,
Take me where'er you please. O, for the pride
That once sustained me !

POSA : Woulds't thou seek a triumph
Over thy father ?

CHARLES: How ?

POSA : I say, a triumph.
The Netherlands are up in arms : their wrongs,
Wrongs crowded upon wrongs, that shocked the world,
Borne with an abject patience, are cast off ;

The backs that bow'd beneath them, now erect
Are clad in steel. Count Egmont and Count Horn
Expect you.

CHARLES: Why ? In what ?—to hound them on
Against my father ?

POSA : No : your presence with us
Sheathes all our swords. He will not dare to show
To all the nations, that he has a son
Worthier to rule than Philip. Your assurance
(Which I well know your willingness to tender)
That when you shall ascend the throne, the rights
And privileges of the Netherlands
Shall be secur'd, will, as a mirror'd wall
Obstruct his way, and show the butcher Alva
In his true likeness to himself and others.
Thou see'st this clearly ?

CHARLES: Thou hast shown me how
To be avenged.

POSA : You reign before your time.

CHARLES: And reign o'er him too. When shall we be gone ?
Not till to-night.

POSA : Meanwhile look blithe and cheerful
We can steal from the banquet unobserv'd

CHARLES: And unregarded, save by one

POSA : Discard
Thoughts of the past : they are not worthy of you.
Be thou the Regent of the Netherlands !
To her duchy of Parma send your politic aunt ;
And you shall win the thanks and gratitude
Of a true and valiant people.

CHARLES : Let us hence
And talk of this. Yet who partakes my triumph ?
Will she not hate me when she hears of this ?
Deep curses from my heart and from my soul,
On my unhappy fate ! A fool again !—
Come, take me with you.

(Exeunt.)

SCENE II.

A Chamber in the Palace.

Enter Philip and Gomez.

PHILIP : You know I trust you—place full faith in you ?

GOMEZ : That knowledge quickens all my forces in me
To show myself your servant, and to merit
Your instant confidence.

PHILIP : I can believe it.
'Tis three weeks since our proxy, Alva, brought
Our to-day's queen to Spain. Four days ago—
(Dids't mark his sudden flight out of the church ?)
You hinted something touching the prince and—well ?

GOMEZ : My gracious lord,
I spake but as my duty prompted me

PHILIP : I know : you said so—my own doubts had travelled
The way of yours before them. Do not speak yet.
Gomez, all private feelings in this case,
(Even had I stronger warrant of suspicion
Than yet I dare to dream of) shall be thrust

Out of my heart, or into it so deep,
That their persuasions be not heard. Attend—
It is a fearful, a most dangerous thing
For subjects, howso'er in place exalted
To peer and play the spy upon a prince;
To tread upon his shadow when he walks,
Make tiptoe steps into his steps, and then
Vanish to some convenient refuge, where
Both eye and ear can be employed

GOMEZ: Your highness!

PHILIP: But still more fearful still more dangerous, when
The lynx becomes a jackal, which would lure
The lion to his prey—that prey a son.

GOMEZ: Your highness misconceives my honest purpose,
Which my too active fears perhaps suggested:
I sought to warn your grace who even now
Were pleased to speak of your precedent doubts.

PHILIP: And if I did—what then? your's were projected
Into my ear, before you knew of mine,
Now Gomez, mark! If I do not commend,
(As how should I do that), the officious zeal
With which yourself, and I suspect, your wife,
Have plunged into this perilous matter; still
I think your love and loyalty have been
The incitements to it—and I grant your pardon:
And now what you have gathered with such pains
Must be more fully told me, and confirm'd
By such addition as your vigilance—
Your wife's too brought to aid—may haply furnish

GOMEZ: It shall be done.

PHILIP: Yet further: howsoe'er
I move in this; what I design to do,
What I may do, shall be made known to you;
Your counsel may direct me. But, I warn you
By the love I bear you, by the pregnant hate,
Pregnant with ruin if thou be not faithful,
Whate'er I meditate, design, or do,
Be silence thy good angel; be thou secret
As the deep dungeon, or the deeper grave:
To which thou goest if thou be not so.

GOMEZ: I am entirely your's my Lord; *so* wholly,
That graves and dungeons of your Highness' pointing
Affright me not. I am not wont to make
My tongue the herald of my thoughts.

PHILIP: You are not,
'Tis therefore that I trust you. Presently
Attend me; I would spell the inmost soul
Of my rash son. I bring the queen with me,
You know my object—note him.

GOMEZ: And the queen?

PHILIP: Go to: have you two eyes? In a short space
Attend my pleasure in the antachamber.

[*Exit Philip.*

GOMEZ: Thou woulds't be great, poor slave, high in the favour
Of majesty? Fondle thy rusty chain;
Love it, and at thy leisure brighten it,
So shall thou better what thou workest on.
Here everything would be made worse by thee,
And thou the worst of all! Ah, that I were

Elizabeth of England's William Cecil!
I could be great as time stamps greatness; here
I must be great as the poor present marks me.

Enter the Princess of Evoli.

PRINCESS: Weaving a web my Lord?
GOMEZ: Not so fair wife,
Rather in meditation on a web
Which I see weaving, and which may entangle
Your mistress and the Prince.
PRINCESS: I fear'd as much,
The Prince's passion has been too apparent,
And all the more for his unskilful efforts,
To hide it from our eyes.
GOMEZ: He cannot play
The hypocrite: he shows whate'er he feels.
PRINCESS: An open admiration would have passed:
The hyperbole of spoken praise had been
Fit homage to the young princess's beauty;
And none had marvell'd; but that soft regard;
That tremulous agitation when they met—
That rap't gaze and thick breathing when they parted;
As though she took the very air from him,
And he were pleased, so it attended her
To fan her brow—love was ne'er written plainer,
GOMEZ: For jealousy to read. I have seen danger,
Far off ere now, and it has look'd much smaller
When near, than when remote: this is born near
And must be dwarf'd by distance.
PRINCESS: Does the king
Suspect his wife just wedded?
GOMEZ: That I know not,
Neither perchance does he. But, woulds't thou think it?
This young and lovely woman has subjected
That region of his heart, where'er it be,
Which has not been o'er run by evil passions.
It were a pastime to his hellish nature,
To see his son consume with hopeless love;
But should he once accept and feed the thought
That she has seen and more than pitied it—
Or even that—then ruin.
PRINCESS: How avert it?
GOMEZ: We must be passive—for a time at least
He would fain make us spies; but blindness now
Is our best cue. We must not be abettors,
But confidants—therein our safety lies.
But I waste time: I am looked for by the king.
PRINCESS: T'were well that this already helpless lady
Be warn'd betimes: to-morrow I shall teach her
That this stiff, formal, Court of Spain abhors
All nature; that all grace is interdicted
And gaiety denounced.
GOMEZ: You will do well.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Chamber in the Palace.

Enter Philip and the Queen, followed by an attendant.

PHILIP : Don Charles and the Prince of Evoli attend us
In the ante-chamber.

[*Exit attendant.*

Madam,
I have sought the favor of your presence here
That you may see, howe'er my public duty,
Constrains an outward sternness, I forget not
I have a son. He is here.

Enter Don Charles and Gomez.

(*To Elizabeth*). Be seated madam.
(*To Charles*) : Welcome ! your hand. Sit down (*to Gomez*), and you
(*Philip seats himself.*) My son
Let your ill-jugd'd estrangement from me cease.
Wherefore do you avoid me, or permit
Your father to behold you only when
Your absence were more wished ? talking of matters
Beyond your years and grasp. But that's forgotten.
Your plea of sudden illness too we have heard,
Which caused you to retire with such abruptness,
From the solemnity so late concluded,
And which, but for that plea, would have appeared
Contempt—or worse—that plea we have accepted.
Have you e'er thought, and if so, has the thought
Been welcome, that, although to seeming cold,
As it behoves him in his state to be,
King Philip loves his son ?

CHARLES : What must I say ?
(*Aside*) : False—false. Can this be true ?

PHILIP : Why should you doubt it ?
Oh but this comes of want of confidence.
I asked my son a question.

CHARLES : Sir,—my father—
Your question needs no answer, since it carries
Assurance with it ; therefore, I confess,
I have been foolish, thoughtless, quite in error,
And so, be the past gone—forgotten—nought—
And let the present and the time to come,
Make the far future radiant with memories.
I will do all you wish—be all you wish—
Partaker of your pleasures and your cares,
May I not lighten one, heighten the other ?
A son's obedience, reverence, honor, love
Ever my father, shall you find from me.
(*Aside*). Hypocrisy, how thou mak'st hypocrites !

PHILIP (*to the Queen*) : Well spoken ; is it not ?

ELIZABETH : 'Tis nobly spoken,
Nor less did I expect from one whose nature
Is full of a fine impulse, which attracts it
Towards nobleness in others. I rejoice
More than my tongue can tell your Majesty,
That you have taken to your heart a son
Who is so worthy of your best affections,
He will deserve it,

CHARLES : He will strive to do so.
ELIZABETH : And the endeavour is desert.
CHARLES : Oh Madam,
Thanks, thanks. But you are ever generous ;
I know it, though so late the happiness
Of knowing you. That you have borne with me,
Whom none beside care to be troubled with,
Shows your sweet self denial.
ELIZABETH : Say not so ;
When you were present I was always happy.
PHILIP (*to Gomez*) : This is a scene to make our youth return,
And chide us for the folly of our age,
In seeming wise and thoughtful—is it not ?
GOMEZ : It is indeed delightful to behold
Such knit affection, 'twixt such near relations
As wife and son.
PHILIP : True, and it shall go hard,
If I scant love again towards one whose love
Is so diffusive (*to Charles*). Wherefore look you strange,
I say ? This lovely lady prompts me how,
And wherefore, I should love you.
ELIZABETH : Nay, not so :
Was it not a free gift bestow'd before ?
PHILIP : True—so it was. My son your best attention,
This is a day indeed for joy and gladness,
Which you should largely share—I know you will,
They are present and invite you to partake.
But I would speak to you of future bliss,
Upon a tender theme, which touches nearly
Your happiness.
CHARLES : *That* should be worth the hearing.
Your Grace—may I presume to say so much?
Has suffered what you call my happiness
To be so wild a truant, that I fancy
'Tis hard to light upon. But oh ! your pardon,
Your kindness will recall it.
PHILIP : And I hope
Will make you worthy of it.
ELIZABETH: Doubt it not;
If you but understood the prince's nature—
Nay,—but you do not smile:—I am strange to Spain—
Rather I mean,—oh! pardon my rash boldness !
If you had studied it——
PHILIP: As you have done—
ELIZABETH: If envious courtiers had not interposed—
GOMEZ (*hastily*) : Madam—the king—
ELIZABETH: Well, Sir, is here; and here
Is the King's son; and you are here. What then?
May I not speak? (*To Gomez.*) Forgive my childish haste.
PHILIP : We see your gen'rous ardor, and approve it :
But if you can restrain it for a while—
(*To Charles*) Have you e'er thought of marriage?. You are silent
Must I repeat the question?
CHARLES : Once, my lord,
You know I did; now, 'tis no thought of mine.
PHILIP : But if I could demand the hand for you
Of a princess, as young and fair as—(*glancing at the queen*)—
CHARLES : Who?
PHILIP : As young imagination might depict,
Were there no pattern. She is one whose beauty
Is nature's copy of her inward graces.

ELIZABETH : Who is the lady whom your majesty
With such unwonted earnestness commends?
PHILIP : First, how our son inclines to this proposal
We would fain hear.
CHARLES : My duty made no question,
I would in all humility submit
My own unworthiness. Such paragons
Are not for one who has been long a shame
To you, and to himself opprobrious.
PHILIP : Let the past trip to rearward, and accept
My present love. You turn away, Don Charles,
You need some better spirit to direct you;
You are still wayward, unamenable
To the behests of reason and of duty.
CHARLES : I am sorry for it.
PHILIP : Sorrow leads to mending
And I would have you mend.
CHARLES : And so I shall.
This fatherly solicitude, expressed
So sensibly, *must* cause a change in me.
I feel it work already. Pr'ythee, your Grace,
Who is the fair princess you have selected
To help my reformation?
PHILIP : Were you worthy,
As I now see you are not—
ELIZABETH : Oh, my lord,
Touch not his pride too nearly; pardon me,
This is not gracious in you.
PHILIP : Were you worthy,
As now I see you are not, to espouse her,
Her name and title had been told. But now—
CHARLES : That princess, ages since drown'd with Atlantes,
What was *her* name—*her* title?
PHILIP : Would you mock me?
CHARLES : I would I knew the lady's name;—perchance
Elizabeth of England?

(Philip rising hastily, all rise.)

PHILIP : Trifling babbler!
I am not angry with you, but lament
A weakness of the brain which, day by day,
Seems to increase. I can but grieve for you.
CHARLES : Not love me, as you promised?
PHILIP (*to Gomez*): Come with me.

[*Exeunt Philip and Gomez.*

CHARLES : Most pitiful, by heaven! and this man walks,
And men fall back, and whisper "'tis the king,"
And bow to touch their shoe-ties. O great king!
O glorious prince!
ELIZABETH : What is the cause of this?
Why on the sudden did he leave us thus?
CHARLES : Seek not to know.
ELIZABETH : Nay, but I must suspect
The affection he so frankly proffered you,
Although at first you eagerly embraced it,
Melted at the first warmth, and old displeasures,
Just or unjust revived.

CHARLES : You know not all.
ELIZABETH : No, nor desire to learn. Past wrongs he bade you
Forget, and urged his future trust on you.
Wherefore repel advances made unasked,
And change returning kindness into anger?
CHARLES : Would I might speak and justify myself.
ELIZABETH : They are not pleasant words to me to hear.
Let not the ghosts of buried enmities
Hover about their graves; plant flowers upon them
To hide them, and attract Heaven's dew to them.
And since I have been taken from fair France,
And all her joyous scenes and cheerful faces,
And brought no happiness along with me,
Nor look for it in Spain, I must at least
See happiness about me.
CHARLES : Say'st thou not
Thou look'st not for it here?
ELIZABETH : Not for myself.
CHARLES : Who art the creature of all creatures else
Best fitted to dispense it, and to share it.
And thou had'st had this fortune, if—Behold me,
You see before you such a kind of man
As I have read of, but have never seen—
One whom no further grief can move, nor joy
Lure to her glittering temple; one whose days
Like children's bubbles, but without Heaven's colors,
Rise in succession, burst, and then are nothing.
ELIZABETH : Ah ! say not so.
CHARLES : You sigh—you pity me?
Your pity I accept; and I deserve
That at least from you.
ELIZABETH : I shall make my lord—
CHARLES : Your lord !—the king?
ELIZABETH : Yes; he will listen to me.
Why was I present at your interview,
But that he meant that I should mediate
Between you? Sure, it needs no strong persuasion
To induce him to be just.
CHARLES : Beware !
ELIZABETH : Of what?
CHARLES (*after a pause*) : Of making all my gratitude too little
To pay you for your sweetness. Would that thou hadst
The healing of this woe-distempered world !
Thy goodness could effect it. Not a wretch
Seeing thine eyes of gentlest pity on him
But would shake misery by the hand, and say
'We part, for Heaven is near.' (*Aside.*)—I must be gone,
Her looks distract me. We shall meet anon.
ELIZABETH : You are not well again.
CHARLES : O, 'twill pass over.

[*Exit.*

ELIZABETH : 'Your pity I accept, and I deserve
That at least from you.' These were his words. I must not
Whisper it to myself that thou hast more.
Once to the son affianced, to the father
Now wedded—what a hapless fate is mine !
O policy, thou craft and curse of kings,
Now protestation, and now perjury,
What tears are shed to lay the dust for thee !
What knots are tied that oaths be not unloosed,
What hearts are broken to keep treaties whole,

And all of no avail.—If—and yet if—
O foolish thought! Since happiness is flown,
Let his mate, memory, begone as well.
There is no help now.

SCENE IV.

A Garden Avenue.

Enter Philip, followed by *Gomez.*

PHILIP: Dids't see? Dids't hear?
GOMEZ: Both.
PHILIP: You could not avoid it.
Obvious as bargains in the market place.
You look upon me: what do you think I am?
GOMEZ: A king.
PHILIP: And therefore?
GOMEZ: Therefore your Grace must guard
The sanctity pertaining to a king.
PHILIP: Even though I crush him who invades it.
GOMEZ: Yes.
I speak in general.—But Don Charles—*your son*—
PHILIP.—Did'st thou observe, Gomez, did's thou observe
That flush of pleasure when the Queen flattered him?
You did:—'tis well said "flattered him;" and when
I spoke of a princess, you saw his eyes
Steal towards the Queen. But did'st thou mark *her* eyes?
That was a counterfeit calmness and pursued
With apt dissimulation. Where is your wife?
GOMEZ: Shall I go seek her?
PHILIP: Aye! and bring her straight. [*Exit Gomez.*
If I endure this, may my kingdom make
Partition of itself and I will give it
To France and England for their sheep to graze on;
And change my sceptre for a yoke, and serve
My master duly. Oh, ye innocents!
Your pastime's at an end. For him—that boy
Whom I abhor—what? I will fling him from me,
As one who shakes a reptile from his hand,
Which stings not, but looks like a snake that stings,
Yet shall he show his colours to the world—
And he must writhe to do so—ere I cast him
Where he no longer shall be seen of men.
Re-enter Gomez with the Princess Evoli.
Welcome, fair princess: what have you to tell?
Unlock thy bosom and let forth thy secret
Which is too delicately lodged.
PRINCESS: Your Grace
I have nought to tell touching her majesty.
PHILIP: Of the Prince, perhaps?
PRINCESS: Than what your highness knows.
PHILIP. (*To Gomez.*) And ere while saw.
Is this so, faithful, confidential lady?
Come, I am ready of belief; nay, sometimes
When the sun shines, my eyes are dazzled by it,
That I see not distinctly.

PRINCESS: What your Grace
Demands of me 'tis difficult to guess,
I have not noted with particular eyes
What all the court might see.
PHILIP: I being blind ?
PRINCESS: Not so: you do beguile yourself, my lord,
The Queen is young and beautiful ; your son
Has seen, as all see, what a lovely shrine
Virtue has made to dwell in. Could'st thou believe
That lady framed for sin, for guilt ?
PHILIP: Guilt, woman !
What talkest thou of guilt ? Who spoke of guilt ?
Think'st thou I brook the utterance of a word
Which hints suspicion whilst it disclaims it ? Hence !
GOMEZ: My gracious lord—
PHILIP: Your lord commands you hence ;
Take hence your most demure and prudent wife.
You have told too much, sir, and she knows too little
For your joint safety. (*Exeunt Gomez and the Princess.*)
What is *their* use ? What need of Argus here,
When a blear dotard might behold it all
Between his twinkling lids ? I have seen enough
And now must act, indeed.—(The Queen.)

Enter Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH: My lord,
I hope I augur truly, when I say
Your meditations tended to your son.
PHILIP: Well, and they did. What then ?
ELIZABETH: I had a faith,
Which your late conference has not destroyed
But which I wish renewed, that you had given
Some thought touching his future.
PHILIP: That my care
Had been how to dispose of him ? It has been
ELIZABETH: And is ;
PHILIP: And is.
ELIZABETH. Now I rejoice to hear it ;
You said then what you did to try him ?
PHILIP: Yes;
And I have tried him.
ELIZABETH: Few as are the days
Since I set foot in Spain, though I am young,
I have read Charles through and through. He's quick of temper
And of a high but most magnanimous spirit.
He has pined, and, as I hear, chafed under scorn ;
But grant him such employment as befits
His royal birth and nearness to the throne,
And that your son will prove an honor to you,
A lustre to your court, I would freely stake
What I most prize on earth.
PHILIP: And what is that ?
Come hither—nearer—(*Grasps her hand.*)
ELIZABETH: Why do you seize my hand
Thus rudely ? How ! my lord, what is 't you mean?
Release me
PHILIP: No !—Elizabeth of Valois,
I would whisper—only whisper—a few words
Into your ear, which would more gladly drink
The words of others.

ELIZABETH: Others!
PHILIP: No; of one.
You are a lady; a Princess of France,
Illustrious, discreet, and virtuous.
You know this?
ELIZABETH: Yes.
PHILIP: A Queen of Spain?
ELIZABETH: That too.
PHILIP: Enough; we are in accord again. Now, hear me.
That son of mine who pines and chafes because
His father knows him better than himself
May fare more prosperously at my hands
If you no longer plead for him.
ELIZABETH: And why?
PHILIP: Because your words imply reproach, which men
Cannot well bear from those they love—*they love.*
ELIZABETH: If I thought I could harm him by my speaking
You ne'er again should hear a word from me.
PHILIP: Madam, whate'er you thought, it must not be.
ELIZABETH: It shall not then.
PHILIP: I claim obedience—
Perfect,—entire.
ELIZABETH: In this you may command it;
For now I know you hate him, and I will not
Be the rash advocate to draw down on him
Your most ungenerous anger.—Pardon me. (*Turns away.*)
(*Aside.*) Ah! now I see it all.
PHILIP: Nay, pardon me.
To-day I should be happy; but the cares
Of state disturb me. These rebels now in arms,
These insolent Flemings (thou hast heard of them?)
Whom Alva must chastise—they vex my soul.
Give me your hand and look into my face.
ELIZABETH: What seek you there—or do you vainly seek?
PHILIP: Elizabeth of Valois, mine own wife—
Mine—mine—what do I seek? what do I see?
A brow, as 'twere, the rainbow to those eyes
That never more should weep—clear cloudless eyes
And blushes made for love to light his torch by,
You are my beautiful.—How? silent still?
ELIZABETH: Your gaze confuses me.
PHILIP: Does it affright you?
ELIZABETH: My lord will suffer me to leave him now. (*Exit.*)
PHILIP: Oh, God! she loves him—everything denotes it.
The tongue may lie, but looks give up the truth.
Said I too much? Will she suspect? No matter.
And *thou* would'st shake the tree, and crush thyself—
With the fruit that falls from it? Forbear! 'twere pity
Two should be sped at once.—But if—but if—
Not zigzag, but straight lightning. (*Exit*

END OF PART I. C. W.

(*To be Continued.*)

THE CHINESE.*

It is somewhat more than two centuries since the Western Nations first began to hold communication with the Chinese. But until within the last few years little has been known with any accuracy about the character and the institutions of that extraordinary people. The introduction of the Europeans was not likely to produce a very favorable impression upon the Chinese mind. Possessed for centuries of a civilization, in many respects equal, in some superior, to that of her new acquaintances, China had never yet met with any other nation approaching her own standard, We can well imagine too that the first European adventurers resembled in many respects the barbarians of the Asiatic Continent; and that from the points of resemblance the Chinese inferred a general similarity. This hasty generalization coupled with their inordinate self-esteem produced that national pride and insolence, which the Chinese have always exhibited in their dealings with Foreign nations. Nor have the Western nations given proof of much greater wisdom in their intercourse with the Celestials. Placed in entirely new circumstances they had recourse to their old precedents and failed. In every sound political procedure the dominant morality will constantly be kept in view. "Les institutions et la condition d'un peuple sont toujours l'application de la morale qui y est dominante." This maxim the politicans of the west neglected to recognise, and were wholly unable to account for the stability of institutions and manners, which were so utterly at variance with all examples of their former experience. Mr. Meadows, who during his twelve years residence in China, made this strange people the object of his study, has at last undertaken to furnish us with a key to the solution of the problem. We shall endeavour to shew briefly the results at which he arrives.

There are besides the modern Christianity, three systems of philosophy—Buddhism, Taonism, and Confuscianism. Buddhism was imported from India about the commencement of the Christian era, the other two are indigenous. But Confuscianism, which existed before either of the others, has, except during short intervals, constantly prevailed, and has been dominant for the last ten centuries. An intimate acquaintance with its doctrines and with the whole literature in which its principles are set forth is absolutely and exclusively required for the public service examinations. All other systems provided they have no dangerous political tendencies, are tolerated as superstitions fitted for weak and uneducated minds. But to the disciples of Confuscius alone belong the legislative and administrative powers of the state. Some of the more important acts in private life must be done according to the rights of the State religion.

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* *The Chinese and their Rebellion.*—T. T. MEADOWS.
A Residence among the Chinese.—FORTUNE.
The Chinese Empire.—M. HUC.
The Times Special Correspondent from China, 1857—58.

Before proceeding with our enquiries it will be necessary to give a sketch of the more prominent features of this philosophy, as it is that which underlies and gives vitality to the whole of that social system, which has so long been a puzzle and apparent contradiction.

All nature animate and inanimate is based on and subsists by an ultimate Entity, or more literally The Grand Extreme. The nearest word on account of its vagueness to express the meaning of this is *Principle*, implying alone cause, source, and law. From this Principle comes two extremes, Positive and Negative. In the further process of developement these two work together, the positive essence transforming, the negative uniting. Next in order come the five elements of the material world, from which man and the universe are made. At his birth, man is perfectly good; when therefore he follows the dictates of his nature and thus acts in accordance with the ultimate Principle, harmony is the result, but when, through the influence of external circumstances, he acts at variance with that Principle, discord follows, and his actions are bad. Vice is an infringement of the harmonious order of the universe. The perfectly *holy man* acts always intuitively in accordance with the ultimate Principle, and his teaching is consequently absolutely true. It is owing to this belief that the same doctrines have for so many generations remained unchanged. The sacred books of the Holy Men being perfectly good and true could need no reformation.

The three great doctrines of the Confuscian Philosophy are that "A fundamental unity underlies the multitude of phenomenal varieties;" "in the midst of change there is an eternal harmonious order;" "man is endowed at his birth with a nature that is perfectly good." These are the constant unchanging convictions or fundamental belief of the Chinese nation; and the community of these deep and widely operating convictions has been the principal cause of the long endurance of their nationality. From the first of these doctrines follows the autocracy of the Emperor, and that absolute centralisation of government which western nations have been unable to reconcile with the perfect freedom from all restraint enjoyed by the great body of the people. From this general belief in the goodness of human nature there follows the corresponding conviction that wherever the combined natures of a number of men are brought into operation, the result will be justice. In accordance with this view, we find that the Chinese use the same word, Kung, to represent both classes of words—just and public. The Chinese moralist stimulates his disciples to exertion, by telling them that since the root of their nature is perfectly good, it remains for themselves to determine whether their actions through life shall be just and honorable, or sordid and mean. It is this doctrine that forms the basis of that rule by moral agencies, which Mr. Meadows asserts as the fundamental idea of the Chinese polity. He institutes a startling comparison between the metaphysical teaching of the disciples of Confucius and the views expounded by Mr. Morell in his "Philosophy of Christianity," and, speaking of the Dynamic

Theory of Leibnitz, ventures upon the following speculation:—"Leibnitz busied himself with Chinese studies—if my memory does not fail me, with Chinese philosophy. Can it be possible that he therein got the hint to the main features of his system, and that all German idealism started from the philosophical speculations of the Chinese?" Here would be a triumph for celestial barbarism over the transcendentalism of the West!

We pass on to review the manner in which these principles are applied to government. Many writers on this subject have attempted to account for the long duration and stability of Chinese institutions, by a supposed existence of the patriarchal system. The contrary of this theory, however, would seem to be the truth—the principal features of that system which now remain are precisely those that are the weakest points in the Chinese civilisation. The power of life and death held by the father over wife and children, a legalised concubinage, and a species of domestic slavery, all of which are constant concomitants of this peculiar social state, are so pernicious in their tendencies, that if unchecked by counteracting forces, they have always resulted in the prostration of the social system in which they were prominent characteristics. Mr. Meadows, after fully discussing the question, finds the sources of strength and preservation in the three great political maxims laid down in the Shoo-king, or historical canon, one of the oldest of the sacred books:—

"*That the nation must be governed by moral agency in preference to physical force.*"

"*That the services of the wisest and ablest men in the nation are indispensable to its good government.*"

"*That the people have a right to depose a sovereign who, either from active wickedness or vicious indolence, gives cause to oppressive and tyrannical rule.*"

The system of competitive examination for admission to all offices in the public service keeps these three great principles constantly and prominently before the national mind. The impetus thus given to education finds an eager response among all classes, and even M. Huc, opposed as he is to everything Chinese, gives us the following account of their schools*:—"The heads of the villages and of the different districts of the cities assemble when they wish to found a school and deliberate on the choice of a master, and the salary that is to be allowed him. They then prepare a local habitation for it, and open the classes. If the master does not continue to please those who have chosen him, they dismiss him and choose another. The Government has only an indirect influence over the schools, through the examinations of those who aspire to enter the corporation of letters. . . . Of all countries in the world, China is assuredly the one in which primary instruction is most widely diffused. There is no little village, not even a group of farms, in which a teacher is not to be found." From this system, and from the principles of the

* M. Huc: Chinese Empire.

national philosophy, the character of the government naturally follows. The emperor is the ultimate principle of their polity, and his ministers are theoretically at all times, and in times of order really, the best men in the State, by whom, as by "born kings," he rules. It is an autocracy relying for support upon moral rather than physical influences, voluntarily accepted, but not forced upon the people. Under it they have grown into a nation of three hundred and sixty peaceful, industrious, and satisfied millions. We are apt, when speculating on the co-existence of autocracy and civil liberty, to be misled by our own peculiar forms of representative and local self-government. M. Huc, a priest and a Frenchman, seeing the phenomenon, can account for it only by imputing to the Chinaman carelessness and stolidity. Others, taking for granted the unlimited power of the emperor, are inclined to deny the existence of the liberty; and yet we are assured that "the Chinaman can sell and hold landed property with a facility, certainty, and security, which is absolute perfection, compared with English dealings of the same kind. He can traverse his country throughout its 2,000 miles of length, unquestioned by any official, and in doing so can follow whatever occupation he pleases; in open defiance of an obsolete law he can quit his country and re-enter it without passport or other hindrance. Lastly, from the paucity of the military and police establishment, numbers of large villages (towns we may call some) exist in every district, the inhabitants of which scarcely ever see an official agent, except when the tax-gatherers apply for the annual land-tax." The testimony of Lieutenant Forbes, who spent five years among the Chinese, is given thus:—"If some of the above particulars may not square with European notions of economy, among their fruits may be mentioned the most contented, good-humored, well-fed, industrious, and happy population that, in the course of sixteen years service in the navy, and rambles in most parts of the globe, I have ever met with."

There is evidence of the establishment of the public schools under the Emperors Yaou and Shan upwards of four thousand years ago. They are held in the principal cities of each province once in every two years. The degree of "*Licentiate*," when China is undisturbed, entitles the holder to expect a Government post after some years waiting, while that of Doctor ensures at least a District Magistracy. The average number of students who present themselves for examination at Nankin, is 20,000, and from this number only 200 successful candidates can be chosen. They ranged in 1851 from upwards of forty years of age to fourteen; and as the examiners are carefully prevented from knowing the authors of the the themes, there is no allowance for age. On entering the examination hall, a strict search is made lest they should have any books or papers concealed in their clothes; and no communication is allowed between candidates. The examination consists of three sets of themes, each occuppying two days and a night, and during that time none are allowed to leave the cells, where in silence and

solitude each student struggles for success. Those cells are only just big enough to sleep in, and no examination passes without some falling victims to its severity. When the exercises are finished they are submitted to the various grades of examiners, and after their number has been thus gradually reduced, the final decision is made by the two chief examiners. The subjects of the examinations are *The Four Books*, the pro-confucian sacred Books and their commentators, historical works of each successive Dynasty, the geography, division and government of the various Provinces, an account of Books and Libraries, and lastly an historical notice of the watercourses and floodgates of the Eastern Empire. To these examinations all classes, with the exception of the sons of barbers, coolies, and actors, are freely admitted, and every Chinaman who is excluded from Government employment knows at least that he had a fair trial.

The frequent rebellions, unaccompanied by any political revolution, and resulting only in dynastic changes, must have attracted the attention even of the superficial reader of Chinese history. The doctrine of rightful rebellion is laid down as early as 1122 B.C., in the manifesto of Woo-wang and its commentaries—"Heaven establishes sovereigns merely for the sake of the people: whom the people desire him will heaven protect; whom the people dislike as sovereign him will heaven reject;" so it is said that the sovereign is the "officer of heaven," "that his real way of serving heaven is to love the people," that when he ceases to love the people heaven will cast him out. At the present day these doctrines are to be found in the Imperial editions of the Shoo-king, which by the rules of the public service examinations must be learnt by heart by those who hope to attain to office. "In Austria and Russia," as Mr. Meadow's observes, "such doctrines are not taught by order in the Govern ment schools and colleges." Of this right the Chinese are fully conscious, and have not infrequently availed themselves. When in consequence of the neglect or impurity of the public examinations or any other cause the wise and good have ceased to be rulers, they do not hesitate to change the dynasty. The best men again become rulers, and then succeeds a long period of peaceful industry and good Government. When we look back to the antiquity of their national records: at the vast mass held together as one homogeneous nation, at their peaceful and orderly lives, at their police and military establishments, able perhaps to crush a faction, but totally inadequate to resist the national will; when we find that it is only the successful competitor in a severe and searching examination, who can hope to obtain power, we are surely entitled to infer an advanced state of civilisation and social progress—a civilisation of the highest kind, if not of the highest degree—one which substitutes moral for physical agencies.

The Chinese Government is indeed* "a most remarkable political construction of a centralised autocratic government, based for long centuries on public competitive examinations, a system unparalleled

* The Chinese and their Rebellion.

in the world's history, and has produced effects for which we find no parallel in the world's extent. It has induced, not compelled, the Chinese nation to devote itself to the study of the same books, and those, observe, directly bearing on domestic and social as well as political life, thus preserving them one nation, preserving them the same in language and social manners; above all, the same in the community of fundamental beliefs on man's highest, man's nearest, man's dearest, interests. After living some twelve years among them, during which I saw, conversed with, and studied men from every province, and nearly every class, this fact, grand in its duration, and gigantic in its extent, was, to the last, the cause of a constantly growing admiration."

Among the later writers on Chinese, M. Huc, in his "Chinese Empire," is their chief assailant. He looks upon all their institutions with eyes blinded by his religious prejudices, and misrepresents and slanders them accordingly. "Devoid of all religious principle," "sunk in national interests," "the stimulus of the thirst of gain and the desire of traffic by which this people is incessantly tormented," "pursuing with ardour only wealth and material enjoyments," these and such like phrases are scattered through the entire book. His description of the condition of the women, and the prevalence of infanticide, is a hideous caricature of a social state, scarcely possible among the rudest savages. Mr. Meadows devotes a chapter to the special consideration of M. Huc's book and as that book is one widely spread, and from its style and assumed impartiality, likely to gain credit, we shall place before the reader a few samples of the exaggerations and misrepresentations with which it abounds.

* "This horrible drink (corn brandy) is the delight of the Chinese, and especially those of the North, who swallow it like water. Many ruin themselves with brandy, as others do with gaming. In company, or even alone, they will pass whole days and nights in drinking successive little cups of it, until their intoxication makes them incapable of carrying the cup to their lips." On the other side, Lieutenant Forbes and Mr. Fortune both tell us that "drunkenness is almost wholly unknown in China," and we leave the reader, who have witnessed the unvarying sobriety of the Chinese in Victoria, to reconcile the statement of M. Huc with the following extract from the letters of Mr. Croke†. "It is very wrong of John Chinaman to smoke opium to the extent of 6d. per head per annum. But what is he to do? He detests beer and wine; you may leave an open brandy bottle in his custody for weeks, and it will not evaporate. His strong samshoo is, so far as I can discover, almost a myth, except as an article to sell to foreign sailors."

M. Huc thus describes the position of the Chinese wife:—
‡ "She has no right to take her meals with her husband, nay, not

* M. Huc, Chinese Empire, vol. 2, 339. † China in 1857-58.
‡ M. Huc, Chinese Empire, vol. 1, 251.

even with his male children; her duty is to serve them at table, to stand by in silence, help them to drink, and fill and light their pipes. She must eat alone, after they have done, and in a corner. Her food is scanty and coarse, and she would not dare to touch even what is left by her own sons." It is hard to reconcile this statement with the well-known fact that a mother can, on her bare statement, in a Court of justice, have her son punished. And the only valid excuse that a mandarin can plead for absence from his post, is attendance on a sick mother. We give one more example, and it is one, the value of which we can all estimate for ourselves. § "When a maritime town was to be destroyed, it was the simplest thing in the world. An English frigate had only to heave-to at the proper distance, and then, while the officers, seated quietly at dinner on the poop-deck, manœuvred the champagne and madeira, the sailors methodically bombarded the town." The corollary of Mr. Meadows is worth remembering. "As M. Huc's description of naval officers sitting and drinking champagne on the quarter-deck of a British man-of-war in action, is to the reality, so are Mr. Huc's descriptions of the strange, the ridiculous, and the bad in China, to the corresponding realities." In a former work, "Travels in China, Tartary, and Thibet," unless our memory fail, M. Huc tells us with a sober earnestness, truly imposing, that when he visited the sacred tree of Buddha, he beheld, *mirabile dictu!* on the tender leaves, the incipient letters which gradually developed into perfect words. We have thus noticed M. Huc, because he has lately published a book on Christianity in China. We have not yet seen the work, but if its descriptions are equally true and free from the spirit of romance as those in the "Chinese Empire," it may, perhaps, be worthy of a place in our circulating libraries; but it should be on the shelf devoted to *Tales and Fictions.*

Mr. Fortune during his visit in search of botanical specimens and tea plants, mixed constantly with the rural population. He gives us a very pleasing picture of country life. Over the enormous alluvial plains wave fields of rice, maize, wheat, pulse, and cotton; the uplands are rich with their crops of trees, and the hills, terraced almost to their tops, are clad with ever varying shades of vegetable products. So beautiful is the economy of their agriculture that the whole country presents the appearance of a garden. Throughout his wanderings he was everywhere treated with the greatest civility, was welcomed wherever he went, and constantly invited "to come in and sit down and drink tea." As he approached the farm-houses the ladies, whom he generally found sitting in the verandah spinning, sewing, or working at embroidery, would at first scamper off and hide, but on a little further acquaintance they would go on with their work and laugh and chat unrestrained by the presence of the guest. He appears to have been greatly struck by the beauty of some of the women, and by their careless joyousness. Whenever

§ M. Huc, vol 1, 409.

he speaks of them their light-hearted merry laugh seems ringing in his ears. Those of Tse-kee he describes "as almost perfect" with a European rather than Asiatic cast of features, with a smooth fair skin, and just enough color to indicate perfect health—the want of that look of interest, resulting from their want of education, rendering them less beautiful than they would otherwise be.

The food of the agricultural labourer is rice, vegetables, and a little animal food; but the chinaman is an adept in the science of cookery, and from these simple materials can produce many favorite dishes, on which he feasts luxuriously. He looks with disgust on the coarse food of the British sailor, and soon sickens if compelled to live on sea biscuit and hard salt beef.

The farmers in China" says Mr. Fortune, "as a class, are highly respectable, but as their farms are all small they are probably less wealthy than our farmers in England. Each farm, however, is a little colony consisting of some three generations—the grandfather, his children, and his children's children. There they live in peace and harmony together. All who are able work on the farm, and if more labour is required the stranger is hired to assist them. They live well, dress plainly, and are industrious without being in any way oppressed. I doubt if there is a happier race anywhere than the Chinese farmers and peasantry."

The most beautiful spots are those selected for the graves—around them are planted the pine, the cypress, and the juniper. At stated periods the relations come to weep and burn incense, the flowers and shrubs are trimmed and the tomb restored. A tomb decayed and overgrown with weeds tells plainly that no relations are left to hallow the memory of the dead. What a picture of barbarism some of our English church-yards would present to the mind of the Chinese traveller!—the forgotten and neglected tomb and the mouldering bones of the past generation dug up to make room for its successor! It is customary to call all this attention to the dead mere form, and to deny to it any reality of sorrow. Mr. Fortune is persuaded that "there is as much genuineness of sorrow among the Chinese for the loss of relatives as there is among ourselves—that they dote upon their children and look with affectionate reverence upon their aged parents. There are, doubtless, cases of mere formality among the Chinese mourners—where are there not? The plumed hearse, the mourning coach, the hired mourners, are not always the expression of real grief.

The character of their towns is pretty well known—narrow streets, crowded with traffic—open-fronted shops rich with the gorgeous coloured silks and satins,—old curiosity shops, containing bronzes, porcelain jars, and other nick-knacks,—strange flaming notices to entice the customer. A chandler declares of his goods that "in the evening in the Celestial Palace they hand down the light;" or, "late at night in the Snow Gallery, by them they study the books." What smoker could resist the following: "We issue and sell Hang-chow tobacco, the name and fame of which has galloped to the north of Reahow, and the flavor has pervaded Keangcan in the

south." Coolies and chairbearers, astrologers, necromancers, fortunetellers, jugglers, peepshows, dentists, and quacks, throng the streets. There, too, is our old friend Punch, or as the Chinese call him the "Man of Inches," with the very important addition, however, of the devil introducing a green dragon to eat up poor "Toby," bones and all. Great numbers of tea and eating-houses are provided for the middle and poorer classes, and in these for a little "*cash*," a good substantial meal can be obtained. A few miles above Canton, are the "Howqua Gardens," a favorite resort for loungers and smokers, Chinese as well as foreign. The following curious and characteristic notices are posted there :—"A careful and earnest notice.—This garden earnestly requests that visitors will spit 'bacca outside the railing, and knock the ashes of pipes outside also." Another runs thus :—"In this garden the plants are intended to delight the eyes of all visitors,—a great deal has been spent in planting and in keeping in order, and the garden is now beginning to yield some return. Those who come here to saunter about, are earnestly prayed not to pluck the *fruit* and *flowers* in order that the beauty of the place may be preserved." We who are accustomed to the short and emphatic, "All persons found trespassing will be prosecuted," look with something of contempt on such an agreeable notice. In most of the large towns there are public baths, where for about the sum of one farthing, you may enjoy a warm bath ; or a bath, a private room, a cup of tea and a pipe of tobacco for a little less than a penny.

The two great social evils of China, are the degraded position of their women, and the unlimited power possessed by parents over their children. We seldom hear of a father exercising his authority unduly over his sons ; but the sale of daughters to concubinage is one of the main causes of misery and vice. When the women are degraded, it is hopeless to look for refinement among the men. The desire of male children is one of the strongest feelings amongst the Chinese, and if the wife should not be fortunate enough to bear an heir, it is considered proper that she should provide a concubine for her husband. But the purchase of concubines for mere sensual gratification, is looked upon as a disgrace. It is a terrible social curse. But the 80,000 women who frequent the streets and other public places of London, and the vast organised system of prostitution in Paris, find no other representative in China. The barbarising subjection of the wife is checked by the almost unlimited power of the mother over her son, and the universal feeling of love and veneration with which she is respected. The number also of "small wives" (as all but the wife proper are called), is greatly diminished by the desire of all Chinamen to marry early in the hope of securing male children. The Chinese ethical and political writers, strongly recommend early marriage, as one of the surest preservatives of national prosperity.

We have written of China as she is, in her normal state,—in those long periods of domestic repose which are bounded on either

side by terrible struggles and dynastic changes. Mr. Meadows ascribes her present disorganisation to the corruptions of the reigning Tartar dynasty. The terrible tales of massacres and bloodshed are, as told to us, inhuman,—they are in flagrant violation of the fundamental principles of moral rule,—they are the result of "hysterical ferocity." But we should surely err if we formed our general opinion of society in England, upon the horrors of the "*Popish Plot*," or in France upon her struggles in the agony of her great revolution. The groans from the prisons of Canton may find an echo in the vaults of inquisitorial palaces, or in the dungeons of Naples.

We are far from thinking the Chinese perfect—doubtless they possess their own peculiar sins and barbarisms; but we have failed to discover that mass of depravity which popular prejudice has been pleased to ascribe to them. Our inquiry has led us to a conclusion very similar to that arrived at by Mr. Meadows:—"I do not simply admit, I assert myself, as the result of a long independent study and close observation, that the great mass of the Chinese are most certainly 'sunk in material interests,' pursuing with ardor only wealth and material enjoyments,' just as are the great mass of English, French, and Americans. But as there exists in the extreme West, among this very gain-seeking majority, a large amount of generosity and public spirit, and of ineradicable right feeling, which may be appealed to with confidence whenever a great cause is imperilled, and which then impels them to lavish, with unsparing self-sacrifice, alike the gains they amass and the lives they spend in amassing them, so does there exist, in the extreme East, among the mass of habitual gain-seekers, a similar public spirit and a like right feeling; and as there does undoubtedly exist, among English, French, and Americans, a minority higher in nature, actuated by higher motives, aiming at higher aims—a minority ever silently working for good, so, precisely does there exist a similar minority among the Chinese."

To those who wish fairly to estimate the Chinese character we recommend a careful perusal of Mr. Meadows' book, particularly those chapters which are devoted to the consideration of their Philosophy and Morality. To us the Chinese question has become one of vital importance; it is bounded by no mere historical curiosity, nor even by commercial interests. The Chinamen have come among us, and for good or evil cannot fail to exercise a powerful influence on our social progress. Already they throng our streets, and are scattered over our principal gold-fields; and there is little reason to suppose that the tide of immigration will cease to flow towards our shores, so long as the gold continues to hold out an inducement. We cannot now enter upon a discussion of the policy to be pursued in our intercourse with the Chinese, or the effect likely to be produced by the introduction of this new element upon our already heterogeneous society; but it will be well for those who have to deal with this question to bear in mind, what has been too often forgotten, that it is no mere mob of ignorant savages with whom they are brought in

contact, and that it is neither by ignoring unpalatable truths nor by denying unpleasant facts, that we can hope to arrive at a just solution of this important social problem. The Chinese philosophers started in the race of civilisation with the oldest of the old Egyptians. The philosophies of Egypt and of Persia have perished and are forgotten. Those of Greece and of Rome are records of the past—curious, speculative, lifeless. Such is not the case with China. She has outlived them all. Through more than three thousand years of trial her philosophy has passed, in all essential points, unchanged. It still remains the bond of nationality between three hundred and sixty millions of the human race. A people like this may be legitimate objects of curiosity—their peculiarities fit subjects for investigation; but he must be a worse savage even than he deems them to be, who would treat either with contempt.

FRANC'S MARIAN.*

An Australian novel, the scene, the characters, and the incidents, all thoroughly colonial, is so unexpected a production that we hardly know how to welcome it. We have been so accustomed to look for all our literature to European sources that a native of the soil is glanced at with more suspicion than pleasure, and we prove to our adventurous authors, with greater force than generosity—often than justice—that a man may be a prophet anywhere more easily than in his own country and among his own kindred. It was with some such laggard welcome that we took up the neatly printed cover in which the first part of the tale of Marian is enclosed, and we confess with shame, that we at first felt more surprise than pleasure at the grace and spirit that speedily became apparent in the narrative. As we proceeded in our perusal the sense of gratification gradually subdued all other feelings, and when we reached the end we were sorry that it came so soon. There is something so genial, so natural, so fresh, in the book, that its publication in any of the colonies is a thing to be proud of, and we most heartily congratulate our South Australian friends that they have shown their appreciation by calling for a second edition.

The plot so far as it is disclosed seems simple. There is a Mr. Burton, a rich settler in the interior, with his wife and children. Of these two are daughters requiring a governess, two are elder sons—one a lad of seventeen, the other of more mature age—and two are

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* Marian, or the light of Someone's home. A tale of Australian Bush Life by Maud Jean Franc. Part 1, Second Edition. Mount Barker: Alfred Waddy, Gilles street;—Adelaide: William Hallow Hillier;—Melbourne: Gordon and Gotch.

boys at school. The governess Marian is a new arrival from London and seems likely to be the heroine of the tale, some of whose interest is divided by the eldest daughter, a very graceful creation. The incidents attendant upon Marian's arrival in the colony—her engagement by Mr. Burton—her journey up the country, and her stay at the station, furnish the leading events of the story so far as it has proceeded. Mingled with the dialogue, which is managed with ease and a good deal of humour, are some effective descriptions of local scenes, one of which we transcribe; take for instance, the picture of Marian's bedroom as it looked in her eyes on the morning after her arrival.

"And a very neat little room it was for a bush residence; but "Marian had too recently arrived from England, not to be greatly "amused with much she saw. The rough plastered whitewashed "walls, the calico ceiling, the uneven loose boarded floor diverted her "highly, and the quaint little window in the wooden frame-work, "unpainted, unpolished, seemed so strange to her * * * Her "eyes soon formed an inventory of her accommodation: a large "packing case neatly curtained with chintz and covered with a "snowy cloth did duty as a toilette table, on this a large and rather "handsome looking-glass swung in its polished frame; a wash-stand "of unpainted wood, the work of some country carpenter, supplied "with ample earthenware accommodations and plenty of fresh clean "water and towels, occupied another corner; two chairs and her "little iron bedstead, white and snowy in its arrangement, com-"pleted the list. She walked to the window and drawing aside the "little white curtain looked out. Ah! that was a sight worthy of "long regard, for the additional rooms had certainly been built at "the best side of the house. What a slope! green and grassy "down from the very house it went, ending in a little creek, the "murmurs of whose waters she could hear even there. There they "came, rushing and tumbling wildly down a little broken declivity. "She could see the minature cascade—the white foam—the troubled "waters, as they rushed on and on, hiding themselves at length from "her view amidst a cluster of tea-tree bushes. Then across that "creek, spanned by a fallen tree, how pleasant to look—up and "up the eye must go. Grass and huge blocks of rock, and "flowers showing their blue heads, and trees, golden tipped light "feathery trees, new to her eye; the mystic she-oak with its strange "whispering leaves, in clusters they stood, here and there interspersed "by an old gum, or a young cherry treee; and above all, there was "the sky, fair, rose-tinted in its first young beauty, blushing at her 'regard."

But we may not quote too largely. Let our readers who wish for a pleasant half-hour of such reading as only a warm-hearted graceful woman could provide—for surely none but a woman could have written the work before us*—buy the book for themselves. It is not its least merit that it has not a scene or a sentiment that the most

* Does the authoress of Clara Morrison know anything of Marian?

delicately censorious could cavil at. Once more we hail with a hearty welcome, this addition to the native current literature of the day.

COMPARATIVE PUBLIC EXPENDITURE.

THERE cannot be a subject more distasteful to a large portion of the public than that on which we are about to enter. Reform and retrenchment are unpleasant sounds to those whose interests are more immediately perilled by their discussion, and, in this colony, where the number of government employès is so considerable, it is more than probable that at least a fourth of the adult male population would find it to their apparent advantages to resist even the first approaches at economic innovation. In 1857, there were nearly three thousand five hundred persons in the employment of the government: allowing, that with their families, relatives, and tradesmen, each had a dozen others more or less interested in his retaining his place and salary, there would be forty-two thousand natural opponents of any change that might damage the general official position. Let it, moreover, be remembered that these would be principally found in what are called the influential circles of Victorian society, and it will be readily conceived, that whatever may be the obstacles to the settlement of the land question on what is called a popular basis, those are still greater which obstruct our advance towards a systematic and efficient administrative reform. If to the difficulties thus created, we add those which arise from the intense individuality of our politics, and the value of extensive patronage to the ministry who may dictate its distribution, we cannot avoid the conclusion, that whoever may be rash enough to call for retrenchment, will be unpopular among a very large and powerful portion of the community, and that he will be subject to all those annoyances and obstructions which attach to the advocate of a cause whose progress is slow, and whose success, while it would concentrate injury upon a small number, would be so diffusive in its benefits, as to leave them rather a matter for inquiry than for immediate perception. Burke, long since, pointed out the perilous nature of the enterprise, and that the economic reformer created more enemies in the place-holders, whose offices he demolished, than he gained friends amongst the public, whom he benefited by their demolition. These, however, are risks that must be encountered as incidental to such a controversy. The condition of the colony is suggestive of retrenchment, and a comparison with our neighbours, and with other states, will show that justice co-operates with necessity to demand it. The season is opportune in another

respect. We are on the eve of a general election, and the facts we propose to lay before the public will be of some value in informing, if not the candidates, at least the electors, of the enormous extravagance that pervades almost every department of our government. Whether either will profit by the information may be another question, for, unhappily, the intense selfishness engendered by the prevalent desire to acquire that wealth, whose display at home may dazzle the old associates whom poverty once made familiar, tends in no small degree to deaden all sympathy with objects of general concern. In matters of public interest, there is no more apathetic community in the world, than that of Victoria: were it otherwise—had an intelligent attention been directed to one-fourth of the measures that have passed through our legislature, or been adopted by our governments, it would have been impossible that the evils and abuses which are now becoming more prominent, because they are a little more sought for, could ever have existed.

It is curious, too, to see on what pretexts many men seek to justify the existing state of things. Some are intent on the attainment of a certain object for themselves, or their friends, and, to obtain that, barter away their opposition to what they know to be unjustifiable, or even iniquitous. In this way, local influence, and local wants often become powerful adjuncts to official corruption. The member whose district requires a bridge, is bribed, by its concession, to stifle his objection to a pension. He becomes popular with his constituents; the minister gains, or strengthens his hold upon, a friend. Some, whose prosperity renders an early return to Europe probable, think matters will last their time, and bequeath the growing difficulties, as a legacy, to their successors. And some, from pure ignorance, maintain the propriety of their remaining as they are. If to these last, you cite the economy of the States, they tell you, that the expenditure of government is always heaviest in small populations, and that your comparison is unfair. You turn to South Australia, whose numbers, are so much smaller than our own, and they then urge upon you, that our colony being larger, our wants are greater, and our expenses must be more. To arguments, so opposite, it is needless attempting a reply: they confute each other. But, it is necessary that we should inform ourselves of the real facts that bear upon the subject; that we should see if other colonies do vie with our own in that lavish outlay which has contributed almost as much as our gold-fields to render us famous; that we should discover whether analogy, or experience, elsewhere and here, furnish adequate justification of the circumstance that has invested us with so questionable a notoriety. In such a discussion, the efficiency of particular individuals forms no part of the enquiry. Let the upholders of the system concern themselves with the qualifications of its instruments: for us, although the field is ample, those investigations have no charm. It is the removal of a costly and cumbersome machine that we seek —whether its parts are complete in themselves, can be of no interest to those who deny *in toto* the necessity for its employment.

A comparison of expenditure, to be perfect, must be special as well as general. For the latter purpose we select, in connection with our own colony, Canada, New South Wales and South Australia; for the former, New South Wales, and South Australia only. The enquiry may be a little tedious, but its value, properly conducted, will amply compensate the labor it involves: and we hope that our readers will feel sufficient interest in the subject to induce the infinitely less patience required to merely follow the investigation. We take as data for our comparison, the facts furnished by the prize essays on the condition of Canada, published by its government in 1856,—the estimates for New South Wales for 1857—and for South Australia, the estimates for the same year. The statistics of the colony of Victoria for 1857, collated with the estimates for that year, will furnish us with the necessary facts relative to our own colony.

We commence primarily with the ratio of expenditure to numbers. The expenditure of Canada, in 1853, was as follows:—

Interest on Public Debt, ..	£227,383	15	1	
Civil Government,... ...	36,103	17	5	
Administration of Justice,	89,134	12	1	
Provincial Penitentiary, ...	7,000	0	0	
Legislature, ...	66,237	0	0	
Education, ...	101,335	19	2	
Agriculture, ...	13,811	15	4	
Hospitals and Charities, ..	27,309	9	3	
Provincial Geological Survey,	1,486	12	10	
Militia, ...	2,083	10	2	
Light-houses, ...	17,377	12	0	
Emigration, ...	752	4	2	
Pensions, ...	11,643	0	2	
Indian Annuities, ...	7,755	0	0	
Census, ...	2,826	15	4	
Sinking Fund, ...	73,000	0	0	
Miscellaneous, ...	58,954	0	0	
Expenses of Collection including £26,138 7s. 0d. for repairs to public works,	125,964	15	8	
				£869,871 12 8

The population of Canada in 1853, was in round numbers, 2,150,000.

The abstract of the sums required to defray the estimated expenses of the Government of New South Wales, for the year 1857, was as follows:—

Schedules	£75,561	14	8
Executive and Legislative	16,250	9	9
Principal Secretary ...	594,421	5	5
Administration of Justice	39,540	0	0
Treasurer and Secretary for Finance and Trade	101,942	0	0

Secretary for Lands and Works . . .	791,096	14	7	
Auditor-General ...	5,302	0	0	
Interest on loans . .	120,000	0	0	
Endowment of Sydney University . .	5,000	0	0	
Do. Museum	1 000	0	0	
Do. Grammar School ...	1,500	0	0	
				£1,751,614 12 1

The population f New South Wales in the year 1857, was 305,487.

The abstract of the probable expenditure of the Government of South Australia, for the year 1857, is thus detailed :—

Establishments ...	£185,715	0	0	
Pensions, &c.	400	0	0	
Public Works, &c. ...	179,170	0	0	
Miscellaneous	22,952	0	0	
Annuity to Chas. Sturt	600	0	0	
Appropriated for sundry railway improvements and water works .	36,667	0	0	
				£425,504 11 10

The population of South Australia for that year was 109,000.

The expenditure of the Colony of Victoria, for the year 1857, was as follows :—

Houses of Legislature...	£14,308	14	5	
Chief Secretary ...	599,696	9	7	
Attorney-General ..	90,505	0	11	
Treasurer	65,889	9	3	
Boardof Lands & Works	973,552	15	2	
Commissioner of Trade and Customs ...	203,615	10	4	
Postmaster-General ...	77,767	18	2	
Commissioner of Audit	8,511	1	2	
Grants-in-Aid ...	141,176	11	4	
Miscellaneous ...	46,443	10	0	
Special Appropriations	218,917	13	0	
Railways	428,701	2	6	
Com. of Sewerage, &c.	72,932	13	11	
Other balances to debit	61,686	4	10	
				£3,003,704 1 11

The population of Victoria for the year 1857 was 463,135.

From the data thus presented, we gather that the relative expenditure of the four colonies, *i.e.*, Canada in 1853 ; New South Wales, South Australia, and Victoria, in 1857, was as follows :—

Canada	£0	8	1	per soul.
South Australia	3	17	2	"
New South Wales	5	4	8	"
Victoria	6	9	6	"

We next proceed to a more detailed comparison, and for this purpose we divide the expenditure into the following heads :—(1) Legislative and Executive ; (2) Administration of Justice, including Police and Gaols ; (3) Public Works, including the charge for Survey of the Public Lands ; (4) Payments on account of Public Debt ; (5) Educational ; (6) Religious ; (7) Gold-fields ; (8) Charitable ; (9) Grants in aid of Municipalities and Public Bodies ; (10) Emigration ; (11) Pensions ; and (12) Miscellaneous :—

	Canada.	N. S. Wales.	S. Australia.	Victoria.
1.	£207,077 11 7	£276,421 8 11	£56,908 4 0	£432,428 4 9
2.	96,134 12 1	248,488 8 1	61,381 16 3	458,435 7 9
3.	44,992 11 10	736,882 16 0	234,880 0 0	1,357,406 2 9*
4.	300,383 15 1	120,000 0 0	0 0 0	115,583 19 0
5.	101,335 19 2	53,340 0 0	11,761 5 0	99,140 4 5
6.	0 0 0	42,328 0 0	650 0 0	92,388 15 6
7.	0 0 0	18,822 0 0	0 0 0	30,908 8 10
8.	27,309 9 3	14,486 3 6	17,044 10 0	12,866 11 7
9.	13,811 15 4	8,200 0 0	1,500 0 0	141,176 11 4
10.	752 4 2	122,846 5 0	2,626 0 0†	109,953 8 8
11.	11,643 0 2	10,033 6 8	1,000 0 0	3,401 15 7
12.	66,470 14 0	94,766 3 9	37,752 16 7	150,014 1 11
	£869,871 12 8	£1,751,614 12 1	£425,504 11 10	£3,003,704 1 11

This statement is suggestive of serious reflection. Our legislative and executive expenditure, in 1857, was more than 50 per cent greater than that of New South Wales, and nearly eight times that of South Australia. The administration of justice in Victoria cost nearly twice as much as it did in N. S. Wales, and not far from eight times the expense involved by it in South Australia. The relative cost per soul for the legislative and executive departments, and for the administration of justice in the three Australian colonies, stands thus :—

	N. S. Wales.	S. Australia.	Victoria.
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
Legislative and Executive,	18 1	10 5¼	18 8
Administration of Justice,	16 3½	11 3	19 9½.

Were the cost of these two departments reduced to the standard of N. S. Wales, a reduction in our expenditure of £94,556 14s. 7d. would be effected, but if that of South Australia were arrived at, then the annual saving would be the astounding sum of £388,357 12s. 2d.

But it may be said, this after all, is a mere generalization of the subject. Let the objection be granted and we will come to closer detail. We have no desire to shrink from the most minute investigation. Commencing with the houses of Legislature we find that in New South Wales their expenses were estimated at £13,139 per

* This includes railways, so far as could be arrived at.

† This does not include a large balance from former revenue, available for expenditure under this head.

annum; in South Australia, at £4,850; and in Victoria, at £19,308 14s. 5d. The cost in our colony is therefore fifty per cent more than in New South Wales, and four and a half times that of the Parliament in South Australia. When we compare the salaries of the officers we find as little on which to congratulate ourselves, as the following tabulated statement will show.

	N. S. Wales.	S. Australia.	Victoria.		
President of the Council ...	£1,200	£500	£1200	0	0
Chairman of Committees ...	500	200	500	0	0
Speaker of Assembly ...	1,200	500	1,500	0	0
Chairman of Committees ...	500	200	800	0	0
Clerk of the Council ...	700	400	1,000	0	0
Assistant do.	400	160	600	0	0
Usher of the Black Rod ...	350	0	400	0	0
Other Clerks and Messengers of Council, Contingencies, &c.	1,225	300	2,219	8	9
Clerk of the Assembly ...	700	400	1,000	0	0
Assistant do.	500	160	800	0	0
Sergeant at Arms	350	0	400	0	0
Other Clerks, &c.	1,915	Temp.300	2,684	15	0
Contingencies for Assembly	1,272	50	765	1	0

We next take the expenses common to both Houses, included under the heads, Librarian and Short-hand writer.

	N. S. Wales.	S. Australia.	Victoria.
Librarian . .	£300	Duties performed alternately by second clerks of both houses.	£600
Assistant Librarian .	none		300
Messenger . .	"		160
Short-hand writer .	500	£1,000	800
Assistant do. . .	325		600
Other assistants to do.			360

We are somewhat in doubt as to the necessity for the expense attached to the Parliamentary Library. Besides the salaries we find 1,100*l.* on the estimates for fuel, light, water, and incidental expenses. 2,160*l.* for salaries and incidents, divided between ninety members, gives 24*l.* per annum as the annual cost of mere attendance upon each legislator who is presumed to require the library. The total salaries paid during the year on account of the Public Library of our colony amounted to only 900*l.*, a contrast when compared with the relative duties so absurd as to render detailed comment altogether unnecessary.

The next item we come to is the Chief Secretary's department, under which head the expenditure exclusive of that officer's salary stands in the respective colonies as follows:—

New South Wales.	South Australia.	Victoria.
£6,921 17s. 6d.	£925	£8,495

The difference between the cost of this office in New South Wales and Victoria arises principally from the excess of salary given in the latter to the superior class of clerks. The under secretary in New South Wales was paid 850*l.* per annum; in this colony, 1200*l.* In N. S. Wales there is one clerk at 650*l.*, one at 550*l.*, one at 400*l.*, and the rest go from 375*l.* to 150*l.* Here we had one clerk at 650*l.* three at 600*l.*, two at 500*l.*, and one at 450*l.*, four at 400*l.*, and none under 200*l.* In South Australia the whole business of the office was transacted by four clerks. In N. S. Wales the Chief Secretary has 2000*l.* per annum; in Victoria, 2500*l.* If the expenses here could be brought to the N. S. Wales level we should save 2,074*l.* per annum. The propriety and practicability of the reduction may be worth consideration by the economic members of the new assembly.

Pursuing the inquiry we next come to the Register General's Office. The salaries here are as follows:—

N. S. Wales.	South Australia.	Victoria.
£2,790	£2,172	£5,400

The Registrar General here is paid 1000*l.* per annum; in New South Wales, 700*l.*; in South Australia he is also the treasurer and receives no salary on this account. Here the assistant or chief clerk has a salary of 700*l.*, in New South Wales 350*l.*, and in South Australia 300*l.*

We next turn to the Treasurers department, and with similar results. The amount on the estimates for 1857, in New South Wales, for salaries alone was 6,469*l.*; in South Australia, 1,545*l.* 15*s.* The expenditure in Victoria is stated at 7,988*l.* 5*s.* 1*d.* The difference between the salaries in New South Wales and here is very striking, as the following table will show:—

	N. S. Wales.	Victoria.
Secretary to Treasury or Under Treasurer	£650	£1000
Chief Clerks (2) . .	1,130	1,400
Accountant . . .	530	700
Four next clerks . .	1,260	1,900
Other clerks (12) . .	2,505	(17) 5,750

It will be seen that there is a discrepancy between the amount given as the Victorian expenditure in the year 1857, and the total of the salaries. We however take our list from the return under the head "Civil establishments" at page 40 of the statistics for 1857, issued under the authority of the Registrar General. It is possible that some of the salaries were paid out of the fund voted for contingencies, but however this may be, the number, names, and payment, scheduled in the return, gave the results we have stated. The inconsistency if any, is not ours, but is incidental to the official document from which we quote. One question may fairly enough be put. Why are the salaries in the Treasury of Victoria to range

from 30 to 60 per cent. higher than in that of New South Wales? We leave the civil service commission to inquire whether there could not advantageously be some reduction in the number of employès. On the propriety of lowering the rate of payment, any one who reads can judge for himself.

In the statements, as to the Board of Lands and Works, in the statistics for 1857, we find further discrepancies Thus under the heading, "Detailed Statement of Expenditure," we find "Establishments, Melbourne, £7,551 17s. 7d.;" we turn back to the "Civil Establishment," where the salaries in the Public Works Office amount to £8,400. But besides the gentlemen between whom this large sum was divided, there were 28 supernumeraries employed in the year 1857, on whose payment the statistics are silent. The estimates for the year gave £7,250 as the sum that would be required, and £500 for travelling expenses, forage, &c. As the "Civil Establishments" statement is most detailed, we will take that for the purpose of comparison, which at first we confine to the Works Department. We commence with New South Wales :—

Secretary for Lands and Public Works, half salary to this department	£750	0	0
Colonial Architect	1,000	0	0
First Clerk of Works	600	0	0
Other salaries	2,704	0	0
Travelling	450	0	0
	£5,504	0	0

The modest outlay of South Australia is worthy of notice :—

Colonial Architect and Supervision of Public Works	£450	0	0
Assistant	300	0	0
Other salaries	1,550	0	0
Allowances	136	0	0
Travelling	100	0	0
	2,536	0	0

When we come to Victoria, we meet with the old system of lavish expenditure and high salaries :—

President of the Board, one-third salary due to this department	£833	6	8
Commissioner of Public Works	1,200	0	0
Chief Clerk	700	0	0
Other salaries	7,450	9	0
Forage contingencies on one half	439	18	9
	£10,623	5	5

Besides the payment to the 28 supernumeraries.

Before entering further into this portion of the examination, we must suggest a few questions for the consideration of our economic reformers. It is no secret that the superintendence of some of the principal works in the country districts is entrusted to local archi-

tects, who are paid the usual per centage. Where are these sums to be found in the returns afforded? In the second place when it has been broadly affirmed by the provincial journals that many thousands of pounds have been expended in building gaols in the provinces, which gaols it has been found necessary to alter and almost to reconstruct, at a cost equal to that of their original erection—an amount therefore entirely thrown away—some returns might be moved for in the Assembly to bring out the real truth of the matter. If from ignorance or incapacity any such disgraceful waste has occurred, those officials on whom the blame rests should either be made to refund the loss, or be dismissed from the positions they occupy. That penalty would be instantly visited upon any architect to whom such gross errors occurred in his private practice, and it would be equally unjust and injurious to the public service to withhold its infliction in the flagrant case assumed by the complaints to which we refer. Ten or twelve thousand pounds per annum are not to be expended in salaries that the recipients may throw another twenty or thirty thousand away.

This office, however, is too important to be thus dismissed. If we take the expenditure on works and buildings that were legitimately under its control, we shall find that in 1857 it amounted to 255,035*l.* 0s. 3d. Estimating the architectural charge for design and supervision at the usual rate, we shall have 12,751*l.*, whereas we have spent only 10,623*l.* Here therefore, we congratulate ourselves upon the apparent economy of the service. Further investigation tends somewhat to diminish our satisfaction.

In the first place, as we have before said, the charge for superintendence of the provincial buildings does not figure in the various accounts in any definite shape; but the way in which the item is concealed, is by a gross statement of the expenditure incurred in particular buildings, in which statement the cost of supervision is included. Thus, for the Houses of Parliament, 11,306*l.* 4s. 5d. is put down. That this sum includes the architect's charge, is nowhere set forth; but as we know, that he must be paid, and can find no other account in which his remuneration can be included, we are justified in assuming, and we believe the assumption is consistent with fact, that such was really the case. And what is true of the Houses of Parliament is also true of the buildings scattered throughout the country, and of those large works which are specially mentioned. Thus, there are the Patent Slip, the new Custom House, the Gaols and Gaol Buildings, the Penal Establishments, the Police Buildings, and the country Court Houses—all, it is right to suppose, erected under proper supervision, which, with equal justice, had specially to be paid for. In the second place, what was the charge for the 28 supernumeraries? Taking the payment to the architect of the Houses of Parliament at 600*l.*, and to the supernumeraries at only 150*l.* each, we have 4,100*l.* to add to the 10,623*l.* before given. In what shape shall we add the few thousands wasted on the provincial gaols? If we take the analagous expenditure on

public works in South Australia, we find it amount to 75,790*l.* The charge for superintendence, including every outlay, is 2,606*l.* 17s. 6d., being about 3½ per cent. In New South Wales the cost of superintendence in this department was excessive, 5,504*l.* was chargeable to the department, while the expenditure on works was little more than 61,000*l*; but from the form of the estimate it would seem probable that neither 28 supernumeraries nor local clerks of works were likely to be employed. So far as we can see, a large proportion of our outlay is in items of which the published accounts furnish no explanation.

But we must not quit this portion of the subject without one more observation. Although we have referred to the ordinary rate of payment to architects as furnishing some guide for comparison, we by no means admit it as the standard by which to measure the efficiency or economy of our government expenditure. A deduction from current rates is always expected in return for permanent employment, and freedom from outlay and risk. If an ordinary architect is sufficiently remunerated by 5 per cent. on the value of the work he supervises, the South Australian result of 3½ per cent. to Government employès is fair payment here. And we are to remark, that while the 5 per cent. is considered sufficient for first-rate talent, we have never had until recently, other than third-rate or fourth-rate men in the public works department. The public library, the houses of parliament, the new post-office, the adopted plans for our country gaols, were all designed by architects otherwise unconnected with the Government. We have, in fact, been paying the highest possible rate for, if not. the lowest at least, an extremely low degree of professional efficiency.

We next come to the roads and bridges department. In New South Wales, the expenditure in 1857, was estimated at 28,221*l.*; the salaries under this head amounted to 3,250*l.*, a very large sum in proportion to the expenditure supervised. Our expenditure that year was 588,400,—the salaries of the department, as given in the statistics, 9,450*l.*, but the amount must have been largely supplemented by the salaries of assistants and foremen of various grades. Supposing that the expenditure was wisely and economically made, this would appear to be the least costly of the Government departments. It is pleasant in going over so many dreary columns of figures to find at least one occasion for commendatory comment.

We next come to the crown lands and survey office. The total cost of this department is set down at 122,552*l.* 19s. 7d. Of this large amount the Melbourne office absorbs 18,615*l.* 10s., the field branch 82,177*l.* 2s. 4d. In New South Wales, the total charges were estimated at 73,050 16s.; in South Australia, at 16,919*l.* 16s. 1d. The estimated revenue for land in Victoria, for 1857, was 1,115,000*l.*, of which 750,000*l.* was the anticipated produce of sales. In South Australia, the probable revenue was stated at 207,500*l.* Thus in Victoria, the proportion of charge to revenue was about 1 to 10, in the smaller colony a little more than 1 to 13.

The energetic reform of Mr. Ligar, may be expected to produce some alteration in this respect.

Descending, however, to the vulgarity of particulars, we cannot pass by the high rate of salary observable in this department. Thus, in 1857, in the Melbourne establishment, while the Acting Surveyor-General received 1,000*l.* per annum, four clerks and draftsmen were paid 600*l.* each, ten 450*l.*, nine 400*l.*, and the lowest salary appears to have been 300*l.* In New South Wales the salaries are much lower. In South Australia, the scanty establishment would move the scorn of the occupants of our crowded offices. The Surveyor-General is paid 700*l.* per annum, his assistant 400*l.*, and there is no other salary higher than 300*l.* Upon what ground are services like in kind and degree to be paid twice as much for here as in South Australia? Or why are the clerks of the roads and bridges office paid less than those in that of the crown lands? Kissing has gone by favor in offices as well as in the appointment of individuals, or it would be difficult to account for the differences that exist.

We now come to a portion of the public expenditure which, more than any other, affords sufficient data for effective comparison—that upon our police and gaols. In 1857, the actual expenditure under these heads is given at,

Police,	£ 259,931	7	3
Gaols,	25,188	17	8
Penal Establishments	68,310	2	6
	£353,430	7	5

In New South Wales, the estimates for 1857 give—

Police,	£ 144,962	3	4
Gaols,	24,393	18	6
Penal Establishments,	12,395	17	6
	£181,751	19	4

In South Australia the estimates for the same year were—

Police,	£36,522	11	3
Gaols,	3,486	5	0
Penal Establishments,	8,042	5	0
	£48,051	1	3

The proportionate expenditure on the detection, repression, and punishment of crime, with respect to population, stands thus in the three colonies :—

South Australia,	8s.	1d.
New South Wales,	11	10½
Victoria,	15	3

The pre-eminence enjoyed by our colony was a bad one; but before we draw what might be otherwise the natural deduction, that crime is twice as prevalent here as in South Australia; and 40 per cent,

greater than in New South Wales, let us examine the salaries and charges a little more in detail.

In New South Wales, the force, in 1857, was thus divided :—

1 Inspector-General and Superintendent.
2 Superintendents of the Mounted Police.
27 Inspectors.
71 Sub-Inspectors.
27 Sergeants.
6 Detectives.
675 Constables.
72 Native Police.

881

In South Australia the division was thus :—

1 Chief Commissioner.
4 Inspectors.
14 Sergeants.
19 Corporals.
135 Constables.

173

In Victoria the number given was as follows, exclusive of the clerical staff :—

1 Chief Commissioner.
1 Inspecting Superintendent.
14 Superintendents.
21 Inspectors.
16 Sub-Inspectors.
125 Sergeants.
935 Constables.

1,113

The proportion of officers to men, stopping at the rank of sergeant, was—

In New South Wales as 1 to 6
" South Australia, " 1 to 8
" Victoria, " 4 to 17 or in fractions 1 to $4\frac{1}{4}$

We next come to salaries, beginning with the highest rank :—

	N. S. W.	S. A.	Victoria.
Commissioner or Chief Officer *	£800	£500	£1200
Superintendents	452	none	550 to 600
Inspectors, highest under	200	200 to 225	300 to 350
Sub-Inspectors, ...	150 to 180	none	280 to 300
Sergeants, per day, ...	7s. 9d. to 8s. 3d.	10s. 6d. to 12s. 9d.	10s. 6d. to 12s.
Constables, ...	6 0 to 6 3	7 6	10 to 10 6

It is scarcely necessary for us to comment upon the facts thus

* This officer is relieved of a portion of his duties by a visiting Superin dent.

presented. The large proportion of the officers in our service, and their rates of payment are the most prominent points for attention, We pass on to the penal department.

Under the separate headings of Gaols and Convicts, or Gaols and Penal Establishments, the expenditure, actual or estimated for the year 1857, was as follows:

	N. S. W.	S. A.	Victoria.
Gaols, ...	£24,403 18 6	£3,486 5 0	£25,188 17 8
Penal Establishments,	12,395 17 6	8,142 5 0	68,310 2 6
	£36,799 16 0	£11,628 10 0	£93,499 0 2

If we divide these sums again under the heads salaries and contingent expenses, the amounts are :—

	N. S. W.	S. A.	Victoria.
GAOLS—			
Salaries	£10,862 7 6	£1,656 5 0	£13,246 17 8
Contingent expenses	13,541 11 0	1,830 0 0	11,942 0 0
	24,403 18 6	3,486 5 0	25,188 17 8
PENAL ESTABLISHMENTS—			
Salaries	£3,438 12 6	£2,751 5 0	£43,557 19 4
Contingent expenses	8,957 5 0	5,291 0 0	24,752 3 2
	£12,395 17 6	£8,042 5 0	£68,310 2 6

Dividing the amount expended by the number of prisoners, we find that the cost of each inmate of the gaols was 26*l.* 17s. 1d. per annum; of the penal establishments, 42*l.* 13s. 9d. Unfortunately, we have not before us returns of the exact number of prisoners in the neighboring colonies, so that we might compare the cost of maintenance and supervision; but the papers that we do possess will enable us to show how different are the salaries paid by each to the respective officers. Thus, the superintendent of the penal establishment at Sydney is paid 300*l.* per annum; the comptroller of convicts at Adelaide receives 450*l.*; the salary of the inspector of the penal establishments for Victoria is 1,000*l.* There were a clerk or two in the New South Wales and South Australian departments, but they must be poor people in their way, for they are only paid about 180*l.* each. Our magnificent institution absorbed, in the Inspector-General's office, a chief clerk at 600*l.*, an accountant at 500*l.*, two clerks at 350*l.* and 300*l.*, and a storekeeper at 350*l.* The superintendents of the hulks and stockades are set down for 500*l.* and 400*l.* each. Some get an assistant to lighten their labor; and the rest of the salaries are in a similar proportion. There is something absurdly outrageous in all this. And we have a visiting justice at 200*l.* What does he visit for—is there not an inspector?

We next turn to the administration of justice. With the judges salaries we have no desire to quarrel. So long as litigation is sustained here with the spirit and extravagance that has marked its

history in this colony for many years past, so long will the bar present to its successful members those golden prizes which, without most liberal payment to the judges, will prevent men of first-class ability from leaving that profitable field. But we may advert to three divisions which are naturally found under this head. There is the Attorney-General's office, the magisterial lists, and the Wardens of the gold-fields, Connected with these is the expenditure on the office of sheriff. Let us compare these items as they appear in the three colonies.

Under the head "Attorney-General," in the Victorian statistics for 1857, we find :—

Law officers of the Crown . .	£1,793	0	11
Crown Solicitor	5,814	19	3
	£7,608	0	2

In the New South Wales estimates for that year, the analogous items came to £4,707. In those of South Australia, £725 ! ! We pass by the magistrates for the nonce, and turn to the sheriff. In Victoria, in 1857, the cost of this functionary's department was 13,819*l.* 8s. 8d. The New South Wales estimate for that year was 4,882*l.* The South Australian—we blush for its absurd poverty—only 795*l.* But then we paid our sheriff 1,500*l.* per annum, and we gave him a deputy in Melbourne at 800*l.*; another at Geelong, at 800*l.*; and four more up the country at from 500*l.* to 600*l.* each. In New South Wales, the mean and shabby legislature only voted 650*l.* per annum for their sheriff, and the highest salaries they ventured on for their clerks were 215*l.* and 295*l.* The sheriff of South Australia is, doubtless, a very small sort of person, and scarcely admissible into society, for he has to maintain a respectable appearance on 450*l.* per annum. *We* pay the chief clerk in our sheriff's office 50*l.* a-year more than the Adelaide niggards afford their sheriff. They must have curious ideas upon the ratio of payment to efficiency.

We turn to the magistrates—the gentlemen of the Petty Sessions. 31,372*l.* 17s. 2d., was expended in the year 1857 under this head. Two of the magistrates received 1,000*l.* per annum; five, 800*l.* The others varied from 700*l.* to 500*l.* The clerks' salaries ranged from 250*l.* to 800*l.* In South Australia, the whole expenses of the stipendiary magistracy and local courts (our county courts and general sessions cost us 17,776*l.* 3s. 11d.) was 7,759*l.* 12s. 6d. In New South Wales, the expenses of the police magistracy and clerks of petty sessions, for the year 1857, was estimated at 19,144*l.* 7s. 6d. But 225*l.* per annum seems to have been the highest salary given to the clerks, and 375*l.* the maximum payment to the magistrates. The contrast is curious, but the shadow falls on our side. Nor do we feel less sombre when we find the formidable list of wardens, whose salaries vary from 750*l.* to 900*l.* per annum. Twenty-nine of these highly favored gentlemen were scattered over the gold-fields in 1857.

Let us, however, quit the realms of litigation, and go to the customs. The total expenditure under the head customs, and chargeable to the collection of the duties on imports, for the year 1857, in this colony, was 58,879*l.* 7s. 10d. In New South Wales, the estimate for the same year was 24,992*l.*; in South Australia, 7,982*l.* The ratio to population, therefore, in this colony, was 2s. 6½d. per soul; in New South Wales, 1s. 7½d.; and in South Australia, 1s. 5½d.. The tonnage of vessels arriving in the ports of the colonies was—Victoria, 694,564 tons; New South Wales, 351,413; South Australia, 163,310. The ratio of collection to tonnage was, therefore, in Victoria, 1s. 8¼d. per ton; in New South Wales, 1s. 5d.; in South Australia, 11d. Naturally enough we ask for the cause of such a difference, and if we turn to the schedules of salaries, we shall find a ready and complete reply :—

	New South Wales.	Adelaide.	Victoria.
Commissioner of Trade and Customs or head of department	£1,100	£500	2,000
Principal Collectors . . .	none	none	(2) 1,000
Sub-collectors	325 to 480	160	600
Chief Clerks	530	260	600
Chief Landing Surveyor . .	530	300	850
Chief Landing Waiter . . .	375	225	650
Accountant or comptroller of accounts	none	none	700

We might carry the list down the 141 customs department employès, and still find the ratio preserved. But our space and time do not permit it, and our readers will probably think the illustration given sufficiently complete. There are, however, a few remarks that touch closely upon this portion of the subject. The labor of collection at South Australia must surely be greater than it is here; since, in that colony, they have an *ad-valorem* duty of 5 per cent. on all articles imported, save a few on which specific taxes are levied. Now, one of the principal arguments urged against the South Australian tariff, and in favor of our own unjust simplicity, was that our neighbors' duties would be so expensive and so difficult to collect, because of the number of articles on which the duty must be computed. The facts and the theory are non-accordant; and, moreover, in the customs' charge for South Australia there are several items not included in ours, but placed under the head "Ports and Harbors." The cost of collection, as compared with the sum collected, is about the same in the two colonies—which comes to this; that in a small colony the duties on several hundreds of articles imported are brought into the public treasury, at a proportionate charge not greater than that at which, in a large colony, the taxes upon ten or eleven articles, all of large bulk and great value, and easily arrived at, are ascertained and levied. Practically, therefore, we are forced to one of two conclusions—either our facility of collection is a mere imaginative delusion, or we are paying more than we ought to do for the work actually done. Common sense will enable us to decide which of the two alternatives we must accept. It *must* be easier to calcu-

late the duty on ten bulky packages of known value than on a hundred little ones, whose worth is matter of debate; and if the task is as costly in the former case as in the latter, it is so without reason and against justice. As to why it is so, the table of comparative salaries may suggest a solution.

Our next reference will be to the establishment of the Government printer. In Victoria, the cost for 1857, is stated at 30,751*l.* 15s. 4d. In New South Wales, that year, the estimate was 12,537 10s. 0d.; in South Australia, 3,250*l.* We make no comment—we simply give the amounts. The salaries in the three colonies bear the same proportion to each other, as we have already seen exhibited in other instances.

We can scarcely think it necessary to continue this already lengthened detail; but there is one department to which it is desirable that we should refer before passing to the other branches of the subject—that of railways. And here the comparison will be between Victoria and New South Wales. In the latter colony, 60,221*l.* was estimated to be spent for the then current year on roads and bridges, and 400,000*l.* on the extension of railways. In this anticipation the expenditure for establishments on both, was estimated at 10,675*l.* Now if we divide that outlay in proportion to the sum to be expended on the works for whose supervision it was to be provided, the amount fairly chargeable to railways would be about 9,000*l.* The expenditure on the railways in this colony for 1857, figures on the balance-sheet of the colony as 428,701*l.*, *including railway surveys.* The salaries of the establishment are set down at 35,052*l.* The majority of the gentlemen for whom this large sum was provided, were appointed in 1856. We confess ourselves unable to reconcile the apparent economy of New South Wales with the apparent extravagance of Victoria. Some inquisitive member of parliament might render the country no small service by calling for a return of the amount expended on the salaries, preliminaries, and supervision of our railways. We shall be very much deceived if he does not find the total rather extraordinary.

So far as comparison with our neighbours is concerned we shall not now proceed further. We have sufficiently shown that the rate of official payment here is much higher in amount,—generally half as much more,—than that in New South Wales, and often twice the sum accorded for similar services in South Australia. It becomes, therefore, not merely a question of the amount of duty as dependent upon population, but of the adequacy of the salaries given. To ascertain this, there are two points from which we can view the subject; firstly, with reference to the relative cost of living in 1857 and 1859: and, secondly, to the like cost here as compared with South Australia or New South Wales.

We commence with 1857 and 1859. If we take the estimates for the former year—framed certainly with little regard to economic considerations—and the appropriation act for 1858, we shall find the following heads, which comprise the three departments in which sala-

ries are the principal items. We place them in parallel columns, omitting fractions, and show the increase or decrease in each case :—

	1857.	1859.	Increase.	Decrease.
Houses of Legislature ...	£12,971	£16,438	£3,467	
Chief Secretary's Office	8,495	8,220	...	£275*
Registrar-General ...	28,040†	14,0550	...	13,990
Gold Fields	34,500	50,450	14,950	...
Police	298,081	325,897	27,816	...
Gaols	36,958	33,403	...	3,555
Penal Establishment ...	82,852	70,676	...	12,176
Medical	23,186	36,341	13,155	...
Shorthand-writer ...	1,880	2,190	310	...
Law officers, exclusive of salary to Attorney and Solicitor-General	8,030	10,595	2,560	...
Sheriff	17,643	21,820	4,177	...
Treasurer...	28,230	33,430	5,200	...
Government Printer ...	34,670	46,271	11,601	...
Survey Department ...	138,582‡	120,609	...	7,973
Roads and Bridges—salaries	11,155	28,219	17,060	..
Public Works—salaries	8,505	23,702	15,297§	...
Railways as per statistics¶	40,052	46,126	6,074	...
Commiss. Trade & Customs	62,833	68,477	5,644	...

From this we see that there is very little token of reduction. We owe to Mr. Champ's industry—and we are thankful to record it, wherever it comes from—a considerable reduction in the charge of the Penal Establishment. In the other cases we need not be in haste to express gratitude for there is little cause—the reductions are more apparent than real. Let us, however, come to the marrow of the argument.

It will not be denied, we apprehend, that the great inducement to the Legislature to agree to the high rate of salaries scheduled previously to 1857, was the dearness of the necessaries, as well as of the luxuries of life. These commodities have fallen materially in value during the last two years, in some cases 20 and 30, in others 50 and 60 per cent. Clothing of all necessary kinds, rent, potatoes,—the staple vegetable—servants wages, fuel, and many articles of provision have all felt the downward force. The salaries of the public servants alone remain as they were. If, in 1856, when the scale for 1857 was fixed, these payments were considered fair and just—and that they were so, we may suppose, for we heard no complaint—it follows that they are beyond what is required by equity and justice now. The state, if it once graduates the remuneration of its employés by their

* In contingencies.

† Included 15,000*l.* for census; so that for 1859, there was really an increase.

‡ Including 8,039*l.* for the Geological Survey, which this year is charged to another head.

§ Including 1,200*l.* clerk of works of houses of parliament, in lieu of architect's commission.

¶ Including 5,000*l.* contingencies — for 1859, the amount is simply the engineer in chief's department.

necessities, and on that ground increases its expenditure, has an equal right to adopt the same principle when it would lead to a reduction.

Nor are we less to look upon another fact of equal importance. Although the population of South Australia and New South Wales may be less, the extent of territory over which that smaller population is scattered is very much greater than our own The concentration of settlement is supposed to render the administration of government both more easy and more economical. The tendency of our prevalent pursuits has certainly been to that concentration. Yet, we see, that practically, our government is far more costly than that of our neighbours. Theoretically, it is we that should have the advantage—actually, it is possesed by them.

And this brings us again to the cost of living in the three colonies. Admitting, for an instant, that in Adelaide or in Sydney, some of the necessaries of life may be cheaper than in Melbourne, such an admission is of no value, as respects the interior districts. When the efficiency of our road department has been challenged, we have been told over and over again, that our system of internal communication is better than any possessed by our neighbours. We grant this; and add the enhanced carriage arising from inferior means to the price of commodities conveyed into the inland districts from Sydney and from Adelaide. Any difference of importance will, in fact, only exist in the capitals. And that, now, is of small value. As between Adelaide and Melbourne it is inappreciable. If breadstuffs are slightly cheaper, European imported goods are dearer, there than here, a result to which the *ad valorem* duty inevitably tends. House rent is scarcely higher here than in Adelaide; and yet, while on the average the cost of existence is about equal, the salaries in this colony are twice those paid for the public service there. *And restricting our attention to the alternations in our own colony, while salaries have remained as high, and establishments have increased, all the necessaries of life have, as we have before said, been for the last three years gradually and constantly declining. Profit to merchants, payment to their clerks—custom to retailers, income to their shopmen—rents, wages, and profits of all kinds—have felt the diminishing hands of time: only in that free, and favored, and fostering, and profuse system of government under which it is our happiness to live, has the scale of the public expenditure maintained its lavish magnificence and as service became less costly has payment increased. Is this just? Is it consonant with the real interests of the people? Is it accordant even with common sense?

It is not the governments of the day who have been alone to blame for this. On the Parliaments who have encouraged the personality of politics, on the people who have roared in applause and emulated in their own habits the preposterous waste of their legislators, will the censure equally and justly fall. The railway mania was but a

* It is a curious circumstance, however, that the subordinate officers are sometimes paid more in South Australia than here. Recipients of less than £200 per annum, are not, it is to be presumed, affected by the different cost of living in the two colonies.

phase of the disease with which all were smitten; and what has come of it? We have seen the sad spectacle of a minister of the Crown huckstering and trafficking in the contracts between the people and their workmen; we have seen the folly of the legislature end in the supply of means for further enrichment to a man already gorged with wealth, and whose official position, far from repressing, only added facilities for rapacity. Do we shut our eyes to the fact that, from no common source, can any Ministry derive greater power than from an enormous civil establishment—from patronage that knows little stint—from payment that raises its recipients above the ordinary mass of common men who work for hire. Give to any man the means of increasing his gains, or accomplishing any other end that ambition may propose—show him that as is his power to reward his adherents, so is his ability to enrich or satisfy himself—and then spread before him a vast list of places and emoluments to dispose of at will, or to hold as glittering baits before the crowd of hungry expectants, and it scarcely requires the keenness of philosophical enquiry, to tell the result. All history teaches us that, save in rare instances, the will to be corrupt is in proportion to the gains and the facility of corruption. It rests with the new legislature to search for the proper remedy for these evils. Nor should they be diverted from their purpose by the bellowing of "the dignity of the public service." That dignity consists in the power of the service to carry out the purpose for which it was called into existence. When its cost is beyond its value, its assumption is but a brazen mockery. Still less should they be diverted by those occasional intervals of prosperity, that a larger escort or a less stringent money market may betoken. These are but the gleams that shed a fitful light over the horizon clouded by the gathering storm. For a people now, as in those ancient times, when the grand old Roman fulmin'd o'er the Capitol what the greatest orator of modern days thundered in the ears of the British senate, the honest and most enduring economy is that embodied in that inestimable adage—*magnum vectigal est parsimonia.*

IOTA.

BY A LITERARY LOUNGER.

"Non sibi, sed toti genitum se credere mundo."—LUCAN.

HORATIUS TO MACÆNAS.

MY DEAR MACÆNAS,—However much I may be wanting in the essentials of my "great original," as a poet, for I possess not what Cicero calls the "*afflatus aliquo divino;*" as a friend I lack none of

the great esteem which he entertained for his *umbra veritas*. To thee, then, *O, Amicus!* do I dedicate these *fugitivi*—these emanations from my literary ease!

I do not profess to have the quaintness of a Caleb Whitefoord, whose ingenious essays are preserved, whether in sheets or boards I trow not, in that repertory of humour,—"the Foundling Hospital for wit;" nor that "faculty of teaching inferior minds the art of thinking," which Sir Joshua Reynolds ascribed to Dr. Johnson; yet have I, notwithstanding, a character for a lively disposition, and a power of reasoning superior to the mere instinct of the brute. For whatever my deficiency in regard to those higher gifts, I console myself by the reflection that it is not every soldier king who is a Mithridates, nor every Mithridates who has a Lucullus for his conqueror.

I have passed some few years in a tour of the bookstalls, in an attendance at the book fairs, and as an idler in the libraries and museums, yet do I not aspire to be an admirable Crichton or a Capability Brown. As a "snapper up of unconsidered trifles," however, I have contrived to secure sundry scraps of information; and as a gleaner in the harvest-fields of knowledge, to gather some sheaves of the "golden grain," of which our learning is made up. Thus have I discovered how—

> "——— The things of the mind are not of clay;
> Essentially immortal, they create
> And multiply in us a brighter ray
> And more beloved existence."*

Now that I have drifted down the stream of life, I experience no greater pleasure than that of stealing away in thought, from the tumultuous bearings of the human ocean, to

> "——— leaves the low vain strife
> That makes men mad, the tug for wealth and power,
> The passions and the cares that wither life,
> And waste its little hour."†

and linger awhile unto old memories, my mind suffused, as it were, of that holy calm which is as a sabbath to the soul. This is not to be alone in the sense which Byron expresses it. On the contrary, it is in the present to live among the times that are past, to walk and talk with the wise and the good; to "enter within the veil" of those great passions, conflicts, strifes that have era'd out the world in its great history; and to partake, with gentleness, of the agonies of those pulsations in which genius has travailed and triumphed, and of the strugglings of mind in its indwellings with its own mysterious entities—to pierce the cloud, and rising on the seraph's wing from the land of promise to the heaven of possession, with the evangel and the eternal to kneel before the throne.

Note have I taken of some of the gleams of sun-light which have lit up those sympathies and affections that have been awakened

* Childe Harold. † Bryant.

by such a baptism of the beautiful and benign; and I propose to extract a few of such stray "summer leaves," sybiline though they be not; and some of past even though erratic thoughts I propose now and again to bind together, plucked as they have been whilst I have trodden the often travelled paths of literature, or traced the least frequented tracts which have led to the more hidden mines of intellectual riches. At other times, perhaps, I may chance to pause upon some story of passion or poet's verse; to reflect some striking sentiment in some new and beautiful book; to remark upon what is noteworthy in the changes that have taken place in men, and manners, and times; or to comment upon some new light of science, some grand yearning of philosophy, or some exquisite creation of art. What I shall propound, however, will not be essays or abstract disquisitions properly so called, I do not wish them to be mistaken for such, they will be simply what I intend them to be, not so much *Fasiculi* as *obiter dicta*.—THOUGHTS BY A THINKER.

Ever, my dear Macænas, your

HORATIUS.

I

ON THE DIFFERENT ORDERS OF INTELLECT.

A SUBJECT, this, inviting to a wide range of speculation. Is there in mental institution, as illustrated by the many and diverse operations of mind, evidence of an aristocracy of intellect, as in matters material there is an aristocracy by birth or wealth? Do those minds in which these operations are displayed, (*ex gratia* in the discoveries of philosophy, the plastic genius of art; the poetic conception, the flashing of wit, and the faculty to unfold capacities vast and wondrous), form a class *sibi conscia recti*, separate and apart from all others—intellectually speaking—*ne plus suprema?*

Contrary conclusion notwithstanding, I incline to such belief.

Whatever is superlatively excellent, is more or less self-contained. The men of might and mastery of thought—those men who from the soul of inspiration have caught the divine breathings which have made their genius immortal, are illustrative of my proposition. Aloft and alone, not haughtily, but far beyond the reach of the common world, they have created as they have ruled in a sphere, bright, luminous, intense. To them we owe a debt no obligation can repay. The more boundless their realms of knowledge, the more limitless their power of thought, the more worthy they to be esteemed for flinging back the doors of wisdom and for opening the temples of truth, and for giving to a universe meat to satisfy its intellectual hunger, and drink to appease its thirst to know. Such are they who have enlarged the human understanding, and expanding the mental faculties, have made men glad with more than mortal exstacy, in a belief of the divine *logos*, and a discovery of the Eureka. Not the mere triflers with thought whom Horace censures for the "*maculæ*,

quas incuria fudit;" not they who have "played fond dalliance" with those mighty powers which "lie enfolded up in man," are entitled to our acclaim—but they who have studied as well as the outer world, the world within themselves, who have read and thought, and struggled bravely until they have mastered science and laid wisdom at their feet. These are they who have constituted the true attic—the salt of time.

> "Lives of great men all remind us
> We can make our lives sublime,
> And departing, leave behind us
> Footprints on the sand of time."*

As there is in the social life and the political an aristocratic feeling and a republican, so is there in the intellectual life a sovereignty of right, as contradistinguished from that of generalization of the world's ideas, that homogenous thing we are apt to hear prated of as the republic of letters, the *res publica* in contrast with the "*rerum divinarum atque humanarum scientia.*" Who, then, for the honors of pride and place of the utter world, would barter the distinctions arising from the labor to be wise, and endeavor to be good? So, on the other hand, as we would despise that utopia of political priority which would bring down all ranks to an universal level, and with it that moral republicanism which would reduce society to a mere communism of being, must we hold a communism of thought,—a commonwealth of intellect—to be consistent with the higher mental constitution of man. An Augustan era is as incompatible with a reign of political terror or social barbarism as the conjunction of fire and water, or any other repulsive elements in physical creation. And as the seeds of virtue grow not in the rank soil of a nation enslaved by lust and debauched by passion, so neither in a democracy of intellect (if such an idea can be entertained), can be looked for the fire of genius and august mind. I say not that genius has never blazed, even in some of its grander efforts, in times of political or warlike excitement, or within the sphere of a subtle democracy. Did I, the shade of a Rienzi and the spirit of a Milton would rise to rebuke me; and alike would the mental power of the age of Pericles, and of the eve of genius of transatlantic fame gainsay my assertion. The parallel is not such; the conclusion thus deduced, were it made absolute, would be inaccurate. But what I aim to prove is, that the world of letters, the mind of man in its most exalted states—the thought of the universe at its highest, wisest, best, has been aided, improved, enlarged, not by what I may call the mass of thought floating upon the current of idea, but by the deep and patient workers—the teacher—the priest, the historian, the poet, the philosopher,—those even who have won from nature her secrets, and from mind her thoughts,—men, who as they have traversed life's pathway, have walked hand-in-hand with knowledge, and left the paths behind them, bestrewed not with flowers, but garlands; who, not from the ocean caves of learning have brought to the surface now and then a solitary prize, but have come crowned with priceless pearls—gems of matchless worth.

* Longfellow.

These be they of whom it is rightly said—

> "Warmed with mere particles of heavenly flame,
> They wing'd their upward flight, and soared to fame."*
> "———— They that on the souls of men
> Come back.†

The physical and the intellectual have each their purpose and their province, and both are handmaids of humanity. Nature in her sunshine and her cloud, rocks and seas, hills and valleys, calm and tempest, forms a composite of the physically beautiful! Such, in part, are the instruments which the poet uses in that development of his imaginings and with which "the man of wisdom" demonstrates. Philosophy and science—as made by God, excepting by his fiat, these in their combinations are indestructible. But how has it fared with the noblest structures of man's device? Let the moth and canker-worm declare. And in like manner with the mind of man nearest the divine. Truly has it been said, "*poeta nascitur non fit.*" It is curious to reflect how some of the most wonderful creations of the pencil, the chisel, and the pen, have been handed down to us only from the casualty of the overthrow of the temples wherein they were enshrined causing them to be buried in the dust of the ruins which preserved them. It may be objected that other men have arisen to produce other works in their stead, and that in the galleries of Rome and Florence, in the libraries of the Vatican and the Museum, the modern has studied and striven to surpass the master of his craft. But those who live amongst us, whether the modern or the antique, do so not because they have any meretricious value; they are not of worth only in eyes of the *dilletanti;* contrarywise they have inherent in them value as exhibiting not alone the power of the artist or the gifted mind of the penman, but as illustrating the history of art and the projects of science. As it has been observed of Overbeck, a modern German artist, who has been designated "one of the wonders of Rome," so may it be iterated of every man who is moved by a sincere love of his art, and whose genius aspires "on bold and fearless wing," that he gives a "perfect illustration of the triumph of faith over art," and of mind over matter. It is characteristic of the aristocracy of minds, that in him who has it, "every talent, and thought, and feeling is consecrated to his cause. His subject is not only to delineate the beautiful in nature, or to arrest and perpetuate by his pencil the bright visions which flit before his own inward soul, but through these instruments to inspire all around him with that love of moral beauty which is a necessary characteristic of the pure in heart." But where are the herd of painters and sculptors, of poets and philosophers? They have

> "Come like shadows, so depart."

The pagan philosophy may have been subdued by the christian, and art and science may have attained to higher perfection as the

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* Dryden. † Hemans.

world has grown slow; but in the illustration of the immortal principles of goodness and truth, the noblest minds have soared to the loftiest flights, and have made the most indelible impress upon the volume of time. I borrow an illustration from a recent traveller in Rome.* "The ancient Greeks" he says, "worshipped only physical beauty, and deified the human form. They drew their inspiration from the old mythology, and, in the arts, produced Apollo as the model of manly vigour, and Venus as the embodiment of female loveliness. They bequeathed this failing to those who came after them, and studied their creations of matchless grace; and thus for ages artists seemed to seek their inspiration only in the fair humanities of old religions.' Forming to themselves a standard of ideal beauty, they mused over it through long years of earnest toil, seeking to develope the conception, and perpetuate it in the changeless marble. Sometimes every thought and effort was concentrated upon a single statue which was to embody his ideas of perfection. In it the artist enshrined the noble visions he had cherished, and it constituted at once the history of his own mind and the labour of his life. But as the Christian faith prevailed and sank deeper into the heart of the world, a higher principle seemed to be breathed into the arts; and we can trace its progress as the mediæval ages went on. Christianity gradually spiritualized and elevated the old conception of beauty. The religious feeling became impressed upon the artists mind; and the Madonna with her chastened loveliness and holy associations took the place of the Queen of Love. The students of art cultivated the poetry of religion."

Speaking of Hadrian's villa around which the luxurious Emperor had

> ——————"collected
> All things that strike, ennoble,—from the depths
> Of Egypt, from the classic field of Greece
> Her groves, her temples,—all things that inspire
> Wonder, delight."

He (the same author) says, "we spent some hours in wandering about among the massive ruins. * * * Sometimes our guide led us under ground through galleries and crypts, in the ceilings of which are still seen the remains of fresco paintings, and then clambering over fallen columns we came to the edge of a hill, and in a deserted meadow below we saw all that was left of Hadrian's Vale of Tempe. What a perfect paradise must it have been in its day, when human ingenuity had here exhausted all its skill! Let the imagination re-build once more these fallen piles—rear these crumbling arches—transform as of old, into a fair scene, these groves and gardens; and we can scarcely believe that there ever has existed such reality in this every-day world. It would rather seem some artist's glorious dream, or what the Italians in common expression call, "*un pezzo di cielo cadato in terra*" a little bit of heaven fallen upon the earth. But time here has not been the only spoiler. For centuries the

* Christmas holidays in Rome.

degenerate Romans used these ruins as they would a quarry, and plundered them for porphyry and marble columns to adorn their palaces and churches. Their excavations indeed, brough many gems of art to light, for here were found the Venus de Medici, the celebrated Vase which we saw in Warwick Castle, England, and many others of those beautiful works which now enrich the museums of Europe. But the work of desolation is at length compiete. Lofty trees have sprung up in every part, twining their roots among the massive stones, and thick vines have grown over the fluted columns, so that you have to tear them aside to see the sculptures on their capitals. Not a sound was heard except when the bee hummed about us as he flitted among the wild flowers to gather his honey. All was as quiet as the first sabbath after the creation. The traces of man's luxury were rapidly disappearing, and nature was again claiming this beautiful spot for her own" But no such desert can there be in the mind in its power of production and re-production; because whilst the works of the master spirits of time are left to us, from them as from a fount of inspiration we can drink evermore, and yet the well never becomes dry or its waters cease to flow.

Rome, as it has been expressively said of her, may stand

"Childless and crownless in her voiceless woe."

But the tongues of her illustrious dead speak from her with eloquent pleadings for a remembrance and a name. Her orators, her historians, her poets, her philosophers, her sculptors—architects—the *genii loci*, have hallowed her ashes, and breathed over her remains the spirit of the everlasting. Greece may have "paled her ineffectual fires," but the giant intellect which made her mistress of, the muses, and priestess of philosophy, shall never be extinguished. Time may come when, as Macaulay has finely imagined, a son of Australia, or a savage from New Zealand, shall stand upon London's bridge, and marvel at the empireal decay, over which he shall linger and lament. But her philanthropy, which has made her shores the birthplace of freedom to the slave, and her genius so far reaching and high-soaring, shall out-last the New Zealander, and the Australasian, whom she shall enlighten.

The poet, the inventor, the creator, and the phhilosopher, the diviner of the deep things of nature and science, the preacher who

"Points to Heaven, and walks the way,"

—the deep thinkers, the practical pioneers—a glorious band are they, living on and on, and yet to live until

"——— this mortal shall assume
Its immortality."*

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* Campbell.—"This mortal shall have put on immortality.—*Paul to the Corinthians.*

For as Byron says, and who that has felt the poet's fervor, or the kindling of his soul of fire, his facnlty and feeling, does not re-echo the sentiment—

> "'Tis to create, and in creating live
> A being more intense, that we endow
> With form our fancy, gaining as we give
> The life we image."†——

And as rare Tom Miller, basket maker, sings of Shakspeare, so may genius hymn of her own, how that she has oft

> "—— Unlock'd man's heart, laid bare a world,
> Distill'd its crimes and beauties, and then flown
> To his own mighty mind, and from it hail'd
> A new creation; forms that never grew
> Beneath a mother's eye, before him mov'd,
> And, as he chose, they liv'd and wept, and laugh'd and lov'd."

From Francis Mere's noted schoolbook, "The Wit's Treasury," I take a memorable sentence contained in his "Comparative Discourse of our English Poets with the Greek, Latin, and Italian Poets," as concisely showing how wide is the range, and how inexhaustible the stores of genius. "As the Greek tongue,', says he, "is made famous and eloquent by Homer, Hesiod, Euripides, Æschylus, Sophocles, Pindarus, Phocylides, and Arlstophanes; and the Latin tongne by Virgil, Ovid, Horace, Silius, Italicus, Lucanus, Ansonius, and Claudianus; so the English tongue is mightily enriched and gorgeously invested in rare ornaments, and resplendent habiliments, by Sir Philip Sydney, Spenser, Daniel, Drayton, Warner, Shakspeare, Marlow, and Chapman." Again, of Plato, type of his class, says a celebrated French writer,§ "he was a divine contemplation, living in the infinite and fleeing the visible world, to plunge his soul in the invisible source of the beautiful." "To raise the imperishable structure of his Republic, Plato had recourse to Lycurgus and Socrates—to laws both human and divine. The work of Lycurgus has long gone to ruin, because it was built on the moving sand of politics; but the work of Socrates is still unshaken, and consecrated by more than twenty centuries, because it is the immortal work of philosophy, and is built on the divine principles of the good and the beautiful. Plato wrote this fine book almost under inspiration from Heaven, in order to give to the world a sublime lesson. Heaven had veiled itself; he foresaw the night that followed, and wished to catch the radiant fire that had once lighted up the wisdom of the sages of India, Greece, and Egypt. He wished to survive his country in his ideal structure, like Phidias in his Temple. He says to posterity, 'Such was the Republic of Lycurgus, and this is what it would have been with my laws. You who listen to me when I am no more, realise my dream.'" His great dream—his dream a reality, —was that which one so incomparably greater than he came to teach and to confirm—the righteousness of truth and THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

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† Childe Harold. § Arsene Houssage

Wherever we perceive the light of genius, there we discern the germ of the immortal. The fame of those nations is not only the most resplendent, but the most enduring, whose lustre is reflected, not from the deeds of their warriors, but from the talents of their Illuminati. As the inventor shall ever hold place before the simple artificer, the designer before the mere constructor, so, whether we look to the physical or mental monuments of antiquity—of the architect, or of the sculptor, the artist, or the author—in every case shall it be admitted that he who gives loose to the wings of his imagination, who fashions his fancy into being, or moulds the dull marble into form, —who enriches the thought of the world by the outpouring of the tides of knowledge ; who seizes science as it were a lion by the mane, or who, in his inspiration, rises into the regions of the noble and the exalted, the philosophic and the free, is a friend to his species, a benefactor to his race. He is a member of a world in advance, and far beyond the mass. He muses by the still waters of the beautiful, and beauty and beatitude come forth at his bidding ; he dwells among the everlasting echoes of the sublime, and the reverberations resound after the voice which awakened them has been hushed in sleep. The world hails its heroes not on the battle-field only, but in the Forum, and in the market-place, in the voice of the orator, in the strains of a Sappho, the elegies of a Tibullis, the massive conceptions of a Milton, the witchery of a Scott, and the magic mastery of Shakspeare, the canvas of an Apelles, or the marble of a Praxiteles. His is of the highest order of knighthood. His is the true nobility. There is no patent of precedence here, except such as nature and God bestow. The only aristocracy that is imperishable is of the mind.

Chivalry may perish, and the world's common heroes die. Temples may be rent and Fanes cast down. Monarchies may become effete, republics shattered, and dynasties overthrown. Nations may be extinct and their very landmarks destroyed. The voluptuousness of a Sardanapalus may be consumed in the fire, which like a golden cere cloth, may have wrapped his effeminate form. The memory of a Pisistratus may only be kept alive, a flickering flame, fed by veneration for the man who collected the Homeric poems, and laid him down nightly to repose upon the immortality of the poet's verse—fit homage from the monarch of the theme to the monarch of the muse. The pile of Babel, the walls of Jerusalem, the pyramids of Egypt, the cities of Thebes and Carthage and Rome, of Herculaneum and Pompeii, Solomon's palace, but not Solomon's sagacities, the towers of strength and the seats of luxury, the birthplaces of art, the cradle of sciences, the nurseries of philosophy, the homes of the intellectual, may totter and crumble and decay but not the science, not the art, not the intellect—these are indestructible like philosophy herself, they spring from the ashes which the fire has purified. The material may moulder and man return to kindred dust, but never while time shall last, shall genius be irreverenced or the works of genius die.

A Phidias, a Titian, or a Michael Angelo, not less than a Homer or a Virgil, and the hundred others who were poets, orators, historians, and talesmen, the chroniclers of old Time, and the world's exploits, of Spartan bravery, of Athenian refinement, of Roman simplicity or Persian magnificence, of nations resplendent only of the "barbarian pearl and gold;" such men shall live whilst the countries they told of, and the beings whose praise they chanted, shall be forgotten. The mummy pits of Thebes may be rifled for their skeleton forms, and the quarries of Syene for their marbles, the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah which once sat proudly by the shores of the murmurless Dead Sea—the things created—may perish, but their Creator shall live in a renown as unfading as the laurel that was wreathed about the brow of Petrarca. But how of the crowns which adorned the Lictor or crowned the victor in the Isthmean or the Olympic games. Of such men, in the former the genius yet breathes in the marble or glows in the canvas, or looks with eyes of liquid fire from the rolls wherein their fame they deathlessly inscribed; whereas the latter, of the earth earthy, have gone to their rest. The Aurelian marbles, the vases of Etruria, the remains of Greek, of Roman, Egyptian, and Ethiopic art shall live to tell how the beautiful thought may take a living though a physical existence, for in the efforts of such genius we see not alone the bridal of the soul with the angel of existence, but the ineffaceable impress of the mental upon the material; with the mental the tabernacling of the eternal. So, also, in the laws of Lycurgus, in the decrees of a Solon, in the eloquence of an Isocrates, a Demosthenes and a Cicero, we learn something of the throes in which the genius of the ancient world had birth, and out of which like Minerva, from the head of Olympian Jove, the modern may more or less be said to have sprung. The present is the lineal descendent of the old intellectual aristocracy. There has been literally a laying on of the hands of genius upon the disciples of the first great apostle of knowledge. It is erroneous then, intellectually, however it may be politically wise, to say, that in intelligence all power is derived from, and doth only dwell in *Hoi Polloi*—par excellence, the people. Whilst the populace of a nation claiming to be the most renowned of the then known world could ostracise an Aristides, I fear we must hold that, although we may admit the possibility of a republic of prejudice and ignorance, we must reserve to ourselves the opinion that widely distinct are the elements of an aristocratic from those of an intellectual republic. The gates of Paradise may be closed but there are other bowers not less blissful, not less inviting the spirit to repose.

If the god descend not now in visible form, he has created an intellectual longing and a spiritual capacity which haply may comprehend him, and read of his munificence in the abundance of his gifts. And as of an individual, so with the national. As Schlegel in his History of Literature has nervously expressed it, "A people whose days of glory and victory have been celebrated by the pen of

a Livy, whose misfortunes and decline have been bequeathed to posterity in the pages of Tacitus, acquires a strange pre-eminence by the genius of her historians, and is no longer in any danger of being classed with the vulgar multitude of nations, which, occupying no place in the history of human intellect, as soon as they have performed their part of conquest on defeat, or the stage of the world pass away from our view and sink for ever into oblivion. The poet, the painter, or the sculptor, though endued with all the power and all the magic of his art,—though capable of reading or embodying the boldest flights of imagination,—the philosopher, though he may be able to scrutinize the most hidden depth of human thought, (rare as these attainments may be, and few equals as he may find in the society with which he is surrounded), can, during the period of his own life, be known and appreciated only by a few. But the sphere of his influence extends with the progress of ages, and his name shines brighter and broader as it grows old. Compared with his, the fame of the legislator among distant nations, and the celebrity of new institutions, appears uncertain and obscure; while the glory of the conqueror, after a few centuries have sunk into the all-whelming all-destroying abyss of time, is for ever fading in its lustre, until at length it perhaps affords a subject of exultation to some plodding antiquarian, that he should be able to discover some glimmerings of a name which had once challenged the reverence of the world. It may safely be affirmed, that not only among the moderns, but even in the later ages of antiquity, the preservation and extension of the fame of Greece were at least as much the work of Homer and Plato, as of Solon and Alexander. The tribute of attention which all European nations so willingly pay to the history of the Greeks, as the authors and examples of European refinement, is in truth more rightly due to the philosopher and the poet than to the conqueror and the legislator. The influence which the works and the genius of Homer have of themselves produced on after ages, or rather, indeed, on the general character and improvement of the human race—has alone been far more durable and far more extensive than the combined efforts of all the institutions of the Athenian, and all the heroic deeds and transcendant victories of the Macedonian. In truth, if Solon and Alexander still continue to be glorious and immortal names, their glory and immortality are to be traced rather to the influence which, by certain accidents, their genius has exerted on the intellectual character and progress of the species, than to the intrinsic value of a system of municipal laws altogether discrepant from our own, or to the establishment of a few dynastics which have long since passed away. We must not, indeed, expect to find many poets or many philosophers whose genius or whose celebrity have in any degree entitled them to be compared with Homer and Plato. But wherever one is to be found, he, like them, is deservedly valued by posterity as a solitary light in the midst of darkness, a sure index and a common standard by which we may form an estimate of the intellectual power and re-

finement of the age and nation which gave him birth."

I shall not attempt to recount the number of those who, in each department of intellectual pre-eminence, have added their quota to the general intelligence. They are inscribed upon the tablet of fame, and themselves enshrined in the Temple of Heroes, and the Pantheon of the Gods. The muster roll of the world's worthies—they who form the world within the world—stands out broadly and prominently—the magi apart from the multitude, the beacon lights of the PAST, the truest aids to civilization in the PRESENT, and the strikers of the key-notes in the Hymn of the Eternal to the HEREAFTER.

Mighty indeed have been the influences of the world's master-minds—not only upon the philosophy of the philosophers, and the poetry of the poets, but upon the thoughts and actions and lives of the common herd of men—

"O lovely and immortal privilege of GENIUS, that can stretch its hand out of the wastes of TIME, thousands of years back, and touch our eyelids wlth tears.*"

It is enough that through the vista of the by-gone, I can see how angels have dwelt with man upon Earth, and still descend to rest their drooping pinions in the Tabernacles below. The story of the Titans and the gods is not, intellectually at least, a myth.

It is this intellectual aristocracy, in other words, this superior power for good, that has given to Time and sense their ethereal glory which has brightened the physically perfect and adorned the abound-ingly beautiful. It is the translucent ray which lights up the soul with a love of virtue, and grace, and harmony; and provides the moral good wherewith Heaven in its beneficence to man has cheered his chequered lot, and not robbed death of his sting, but the curse of its heaviest malediction—the weight and fetter of the fall.

I conclude, then, as Plato concluded his Book of the Republic, with a picture of the career of those who have governed in this in-tellectual aristocracy—the Christian philosopher applying for himself the sentiment of the Athenian sage. "We will always continue to walk in the Celestial route, and we will bind ourselves by every means to the practice of wisdom and justice. At peace with our-selves and the gods, after having gathered on earth ,the palm of virtue, like victorious champions, we shall again be crowned above, to accomplish, with all unbounded joys and through enchanted paths that journey of a thousand years."

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* Leigh Hunt.

WAKEFIELD AND COLONIZATION.

In that very accurate and amusing book, "The History of the Colony of Victoria," the Hon. T. M'Combie presents his readers with his opinion of the Wakefield system of Colonization. He informs us, that it is a system of concentration: that it is an aristocratic system: that it is a system that would prevent the emigration of capitalists and gentlemen, as well as of labourers and artizans. These defects seem rather inconsistent. How it can be an aristocratic system, and at the same time prevent the emigration of those who are termed by Mr. M'Combie "Aristocrats," is not immediately perceived by ordinary minds. We are also furnished with the novel information, that Wakefield's plan failed in Canada. We should have felt infinitely obliged to the distinguished historian, had he mentioned his authority for a statement so remarkable. Mr. M'Combie, with becoming modesty, winds up his demonstration, by calling Wakefield, and those who accepted his views, "crude theorists." Amongst the crude theorists are to be enumerated the names of Lord Glenelg, Mr. Charles Buller, Mr. J. S. Mill, and other politicians of equal eminence and ability.

One would imagine that the individual, who so unhesitatingly denounced a theory, which has received the approbation of such men as these, would have thought it necessary to offer the reasons for his judgment at considerable length. But this inconvenient system has generally been avoided by Wakefield's critics: a circumstance not to be wondered at, since in the great majority of instances, the gentlemen who have devoted their valuable time to write down Wakefield, have, apparently, thought it quite unnecessary to attempt to understand what they so liberally abused. Thus, the man, who has done more to advance the prosperity of the colonies than all his detractors put together, has come to be regarded by those who take their opinions upon trust, as a political visionary, who once originated a theory of colonization, remarkable only for its transparent absurdities.

To give our readers an outline of what Wakefield's system really was, and some account of what he has done for the colonial possessions of England, will not, we think, be either ill-timed or uninteresting. A brief sketch of the economical condition of the colonies prior to 1830, will form, perhaps, an appropriate introduction to an examination of his doctrines, and their applicability to our present circumstances.

If we turn our attention to the Australian settlements, we shall find that, up to a comparatively recent period, their progress was not so great as might fairly have been expected. We shall find, too, that the slight advance which they had made, is not to be attributed to anything which their rulers had done for them. By the policy which they had pursued, the British Government had not merely not as-

sisted, but positively had retarded emigration. They converted some of the colonies into poor-houses, and some into gaols. They thought that the refuse of English and Irish work-houses would make excellent colonists. For some convincing reason, they also supposed that the Australian colonies would be raised to the highest pitch of civilization by deluging them with the scum of British Society. Unhappily, this policy did not produce the results which its sagacious authors expected. Voluntary emigration almost ceased. Those who did emigrate were generally of the worst class; and emigrants of any other class could scarcely have been expected, when emigration was thought fit only for convicts and for paupers.

The consequence was that free labor for hire became extremely scarce. Sometimes it could not be got at all; and when it could be got, it was not constant. The capitalist could never be sure that his workmen would not leave him at a moment's notice. In order that capital may be profitably employed—in order that it may be so employed as to secure a produce large enough to afford high wages and a good interest, labour must be abundant and it must be constant. Now in these colonies, as a general rule, labour was neither abundant nor constant. Often indeed the capitalist who had, after great delay, obtained labor enough to invest his capital and commence operations, was deserted by his laborers before it was possible to get a return from his investment. Thus the capital was lost and the capitalist ruined. It is admitted that scarcity of labor for hire was counteracted in no little degree by the drudgery of the capitalists themselves or by convict labor. But it may well be conceived that neither of these alternatives was congenial to the tastes and feelings of Englishmen. We cannot therefore be astonished to find the state of society in the Australian settlements miserable and wretched, when we see that every condition of financial success and commercial prosperity was wanting. Nor were the North American provinces in a better condition. There too it was difficult to get labor for hire; but not as in Australia, because emigration was retarded. Immigrants were constantly pouring into Canada, yet the scarcity of labor continued to prevail. The cause of this scarcity was the facility of obtaining land. The land was so cheap that it could be obtained for nothing, or for a trifle. No matter what was the rate of wages; no matter what were the advantages to the laborer himself for working for hire for a considerable period; he became a landowner, though becoming a landowner reduced him to the greatest distress. Almost every immigrant settled himself upon a location of his own. Labor was divided as far as it was possible to divide it, into a single pair of hands. There was no surplus produce. Indigence and privation were universally prevalent. No capital was invested. Farms were abandoned. Houses were deserted. The whole country, we are told, appeared as if an invading army had passed through it.* We earnestly call the attention of those gentlemen who regard

* Mr. C. Buller's Report on the Canadas.

cheap land as the one thing needful, as the panacea for every evil, to the history of the North American provinces. For we have amongst us many zealous if not very enlightened persons, who are exerting themselves to establish in Victoria that same land system which caused all these disasters, and which would produce here results exactly similar to those which it produced in Canada.

But the most glaring instance of failure, and of the cause of failure is to be found in the history of the Swan River settlement. A large number of immigrants was taken to it, much capital was imported, the field of production was unlimited. There were the three elements of all prosperity. Notwithstanding all this the colony failed from the pernicious manner in which the land was disposed of. Mr. Peel received a grant of 500,000 acres. This tract of country was taken in the vicinity of the port. The Governor obtained a grant of 100,000 acres, another gentleman a grant of 80,000 acres. The other settlers were supplied in corresponding proportions. They became so much scattered that they did not know where they were. They did not know where the Governor was, nor did the Governor know where they were. The settlers having obtained the land almost for nothing were willing to dispose of it on the same easy terms. Thus the imported laborers became landowners. They refused to look for hire when they could have estates of their own. This occurred although the laborers had been hired in England, and had been promised very high wages. Mr. Peel brought out about 300 persons. In six months he was completely abandoned, he had not a soul to assist him ; he had to make his own bed, to light his own fire, and to drudge as well as he could ; meanwhile his capital perished, the wooden houses were not put up, the seeds were not planted. The live stock perished. The laborers who had got land of their own soon found that they could do nothing with it. They were reduced to the most desperate straits. They returned to their employers and insisted on the fulfilment of their engagements. Mr. Peel and other capitalists narrowly escaped being hanged. The laborers were at length taken to Van Diemen's Land and New South Wales where they could not so readily become estate owners but where they were much more comfortable nevertheless.

Such is a brief account of the economical condition of the Colonies during the early part of the present century. And when it became known in England that such was the state of affairs, capitalists very justly thought that they could employ their money with more advantage to themselves in other parts of the world than in the British Colonies. It will be allowed now, that the object in colonization which a government ought to endeavor to attain, is to make the colonies attractive to capitalists and laborers. The history of the British colonies would seem to shew that the great object of the British Government, for very many years, has been to make colonization as unattractive as possible to both these classes.

It was evident that one cause of all these failures, was the difficulty of obtaining labor without having recourse to some form of

slavery. To meet this difficulty, one plan was suggested. It appeared feasible. Capitalists were told to import their own laborers: to engage them in England; to bind them for as long a period as they desired. In many instances this expedient was adopted, and in no instance did it succeed. No sooner were the indented laborers brought to a colony, than they left those who brought them. The capitalists who did not import labor, were able to pay higher wages than those who did. The laborers were, of course, seduced by the offer of high wages. "Nor," says Wakefield, "does the non-importing capitalist keep it long. With these high wages the imported laborers soon save the means of acquiring and cultivating land. In every colony land is so cheap, that emigrant laborers who save at all, are soon able to establish themselves as landowners, working on their own account; and this most of them do as soon as possible. If the land of a colony were of limited extent, a great importation of labor would raise its price, and compel some people to work for wages; but the land of the colonies is practically of unlimited extent. The immigration of labor therefore has no effect on the supply in the market. Yes, it has an effect. It increases the demand without increasing the supply, and therefore renders the demand more intense; for the great bulk of imported laborers become landowners, anxious to obtain labor for hire. The more laborers are imported, the greater becomes, after a while, the scarcity of labor in proportion to the demand, and at the bottom of the whole mischief is the cheapness of land."—*View of the Art of Colonization p.* 328.

Mr. Wakefield was the first to point out that the source of nearly all colonial calamities was to be found in the method of disposing of the land. From an early period the general practice had been to give the land away. He shewed that the evils which resulted from this policy were incalculable; that under the system of free-grant, large tracts of land were indeed appropriated, but appropriated by men who could not, or would not, cultivate them; and that instead of encouraging the emigration of capitalists and laborers, it absolutely prevented it. The system was abandoned in consequence of the effective manner in which he exposed its prejudicial effects. In 1848, before a Committee of the House of Lords, the Under Secretary of State for the Colonies, Mr. Elliott, acknowledged that to Wakefield is due the credit of having introduced the system of selling colonial lands, and using the purchase money as an emigration fund.

The doctrine of selling colonial lands having been once established, it became necessary to shew in what manner they ought to be sold. The evil to be guarded against was the scarcity of labor. The land, therefore ought to be sold at such a price as would prevent the laborer becoming a landowner too soon; as would compel him, for his own sake, to work for hire for some time. The price that could accomplish this, would be sufficient. The object of putting a price at all on the land, is to keep the labor market in a

prosperous condition. It is plain that this price must vary with the circumstances of the different colonies, and with the circumstances of the same colony at different times.

The accusation so often brought against Wakefield, that he could never name a sufficient price, discovers on the part of those who make it gross disingenuousness. To fix a price for all the colonies would, as he himself says, be as absurd as to fix the size of a coat for all mankind.

But it has been said that it is impossible to calculate the price for any one colony at a given time. True, it is impossible to calculate it with mathematical accuracy. The disturbing causes are too numerous. Were it possible to ascertain all the conditions, the rate of the increase of population, the cost of passage, and the expense of living in the colony, it would be quite possible to tell with scientific exactness what price would be sufficient for the purpose indicated. But such precision is unnecessary, and those who triumph in the discovery that it is impossible to find the sufficient price to a farthing, forget that an approximation is all that is required. "If," says Wakefield, "the legislator had common sagacity, he might safely rely upon no very accurate calculations, but on experience and the facts before his face. He could always tell whether or not labor for hire was too scarce or too plentiful in the colony If it were too plentiful, he would know that the price of new land was too high, that is more than sufficient. If it were hurtfully scarce, he would know that the price was too low, or not sufficient." But another question remained. How is the money so obtained to be used? Wakefield replied, as an emigration fund; and for the following reasons:—Capitalists would more readily purchase land when they understood that in purchasing land they were securing labor which would enable them to apply their capital. The inducements to capitalists to colonise would thus be greatly increased. Besides such an application of the purchase money would create a much larger population; and the sufficient price would consequently be constantly diminishing; so that laborers would be attracted by the cheapness of the land.

It has been asserted by more than one writer on this subject, that the appropriation of the land fund without any deduction to purposes of emigration, is an essential part of the Wakefield system. Now Wakefield affirms as the sharpest test of his theory, that it matters not what is done with this fund. It may be thrown into the sea, yet the beneficial effects of selling the land at a sufficient price remain. He merely contends that the appropriation of the revenue derived from the land, for the purpose of introducing suitable emigrants, would have a salutary effect, and would accelerate the progress of the colony. It is easy to suppose a case where it would be desirable to expend the money so obtained upon internal improvements, and so to spend it, would not be at all inconsistent with the principles of the system which we are discussing.

As a specimen of the ignorant criticism to which this theory has been subjected, we may refer to the incessant declamation against the Wakefield doctrine of concentration and dispersion Wakefield would artificially concentrate the people. He would confine them to a small patch. He would keep them penned up in a corner of the country. Such, it is said, is Wakefield's idea. In his evidence before a committee of the House of Commons in 1836, when interrogated on this very point, he said :—"I have not used the word concentration, and I do not believe it is of advantage to a colony to be pressed into a very small space. I did not use the word dispersion, and I did not mean what is usually expressed by the word dispersion. I used the words separation of labor. There may be a complete separation of labor without any dispersion." In his latest work he expressly declares, "that to give settlers as perfect a liberty of choice as possible, is an essential condition of the working of the sufficient price, and that the whole of a colony should be thrown open to intending purchasers."

Here, then, we conclude our necessarily meagre, yet we believe accurate statement of Wakefield's doctrines. But the important question for us is this : is it possible to apply any of them to our present condition ? Do they suggest any admonitions which may guide our legislators in deciding upon an equitable and judicious method of disposing of the crown lands in this country ? The reader who has gone with us so far, will have little hesitation in replying in the affirmative. We will not stop to inquire what would be our position now, had this system been adopted at an early period of our history. We will, however, express our conviction, that had Wakefield's plan been carried out here, we would have had a cultivated and settled country, where there are now only vast, dreary, and unimproved wastes. Instead of a population always shifting, uneasy and re-emigrating, we would have had a population of independent agricultural freeholders, similar to that of South Australia and the United States. We would not now have to complain that this new colony is contending against evils, which have hitherto existed only in old and thickly inhabited countries ; that while capital is plenty and labor abundant, there are want of employment and great distress ; that the field of production has been artificially limited in order to secure a large land revenue ; that while that revenue has not been greater than it would have been under a fairer system, the prosperity of the colony has been greatly retarded. It may be said of Victoria, as was said of North America by Lord Durham, "That the function of authority most full of good or evil consequences, has been the disposal of the public land." We know this to our cost and we know how this function has been abused. That it shall be abused no longer, that a system which has not even for its ostensible object the public good, shall be speedily abolished, ought to be the earnest desire of every man who is at all interested in the welfare of his adopted country.

The train of reasoning pursued throughout this article leads to the conclusion that no land system can be good unless it offers the greatest possible facility for obtaining land to the *bona fide* settlers, and prevents, as far as possible, the appropriation of large tracts of land by speculators who do not intend to use or improve it. We scarcely think it necessary to point out that the land system which has been adopted here affords no facility whatever to the settler, and the greatest facility to the speculator. It is a well-known and well-attested fact, that hundreds of people who were desirous of getting land for purposes of settlement, and who were possessed of but small capital, have left the colony because good land brought higher prices at the auction sales than they could give. Had the prices been such as they could have paid, the land would have been cultivated, something would have been produced, and the wealth of the country would have been increased. The land has brought a high price to be sure, but it has not been converted to any use, not a single sixpence has been added to our wealth, and the very men who would have made the most valuable colonists have been driven to California and South Australia. The loss thus entailed upon us is incalculable. The gain is absolutely nothing. It cannot be denied that more money is got for the land by artificially limiting the quantity, and by selling only small portions at a time. But this increased revenue is obtained by obstructing, as far as it is possible to obstruct, the progress of settlement.

If the land is not to be sold by auction, how is it to be sold? By free grant? The injurious results of the free-grant theory have been already exposed. The land should be sold at a fixed uniform price, which ought to be as close an approximation as possible to the sufficient price. It has been shown that the prosperity of a colony depends upon the prosperous state of the labor market, and the state of the labor market on the sufficient price. If the land is sold by auction, it will fetch either more than the sufficient price, or less: if more, the surplus is so much wealth taken out of the pocket of the capitalist, which would have remained to him, to be used reproductively: if the land will fetch less than the sufficient price, then a scarcity of labor, with all its attendant evils, will result.

But, even were some arbitrary price fixed on, and the whole land of the country thrown open to purchasers at that price, it would be infinitely better than the auction system. For the land would become occupied in its regular and natural order. This is well stated in the following extract from a despatch of Lord John Russell's, 31st May, 1840.

"Another circumstance, which, far from looking on it with a jealous eye, I should conceive to be a great advantage, is, that one uniform price for all country lands renders it probable that the best lands will he taken at first, instead of a difference of cost tempting persons to begin with land of secondary qualities. Thus,

none are forced into premature cultivation, but the different lands of the colony are successively occupied in the natural order of their advantages." "It may, says Mr. Buller," appear impolitic, and even unjust to affix the same price to lands so different in value. But the land which is of little value to a settler, because of its remoteness from settlement, is land which, for his interest, no less than for that of the community, it is desirable he should not occupy. The opposite, (auction) system, seems curiously contrived, in order to tempt individuals of the poorer class to settle themselves in situations in which their industry must be wasted in protracted and unaided struggles against obstacles which no industry can suffice to overcome."

It may be said that the auction system is found to work well in the United States and South Australia. In effect, it does not exist in either of these countries, All land, indeed, passes under the hammer, but there is only competition for town or suburban lands, and such spots as are peculiarly valuable from some special cause. All other lands are sold, for the most part, at the upset price, or the merest trifle above it. Besides, it is offered for sale in vast quantities at a time, and the land, so put up, and not competed for, may be purchased at the upset price. Thus, in the States, and South Australia there practically exists a system of free selection at a uniform fixed price. Theory and experience, then, alike inform us that sale by auction shonld be abandoned, and the land sold at a fixed uniform price. How is this price to be determined! is it to be arbitrary? or is there any beneficial object which such a price may be made to accomplish? The price ought to be sufficient to keep land so dear as to secure a plentiful supply of labour, and so cheap as to prevent a glut of labour. The design is not to prevent laborers from becoming landowners. That they should become landowners when they are in a position to become so with advantage to themselves and the community, is the end to be attained by asking a price for the land at all. To ascertain what price would be sufficient here, is the problem which our statesmen are called on to solve. It is impossible to know with scientific accuracy what price would be sufficient. But, it would not, as we have already said, be very difficult to discover the price with sufficient exactness for the object in view.

Many persons who are favorable to a fixed uniform price fear that if the whole land of the colony were offered for sale, the capitalists would buy all the best land at once. Such a danger could easily be provided against by putting a prohibitory tax on all sold lands which were allowed to remain waste—a tax that would be high enough to deter any but the *bona fide* settler from purchasing. The imposition of this tax ought not to be left to the local authorities in each county or district. For it is probable that, in such case, those who would have the assessment of the tax would be the very persons on whom it would fall, and they would be tempted to make it as light and as nugatory as possible. Such a tax, with some limita-

tions, exists in America; and though not sufficient to prevent speculation, it is sufficient to make the speculator very desirous of disposing of his land on easy terms to actual cultivators.

The object of the price being understood, and the price itself fixed, it is plain that the settler should not be restricted in selecting his land. He is the best judge of the situation most adopted for his pursuits. He is also the best judge of the quantity that he requires. If the price is sufficient, it is restrictive enough, and any further restriction would be mischievous. But if it is necessary that the greatest possible facilities should be given to the *bona fide* settlers, there must be complete and ample surveys. Without ample survey, the settlers could not tell where the most valuable land was. After having taken the trouble to find out suitable land, he could not inform the Government of its situation. He would not be able to tell his own boundaries. There would be constant litigation between his neighbors and himself regarding them. Without survey before occupation it is impossible that any system can work satisfactorily or peaceably.

If it be granted that any diminution of the sufficient price would have an injurious effect on the labor market, it follows that deferred payments are vicious in principle. By deferred payments the price would be practically lowered. Men would be tempted to appropriate more land than they could use. But deferred payments are not necessary to a good land system. They do not exist in America; they do not exist in South Australia: so that even those who sneer at the doctrine of the sufficient price must allow that deferred payments are not essential to an equitable land policy.

It appears, then, that, according to Wakefield, the waste lands of the colony ought to be sold at a fixed uniform price, which price should be sufficient for the purpose which we have already explained. That the settler is not to be restricted in the purchase of land, either as to quantity or quality, is, as we have seen, an essential part of the system; and with that system we have also seen, that deferred payments are altogether inconsistent. To the success of the plan here advocated, full surveys before sale are absolutely necessary; and in order to prevent the evil of what Buller terms land-engrossing, a prohibitory tax should be imposed on all sold land allowed to remain waste. That these principles are theoretically sound, that they are founded on the plainest and best established economical doctrines, no rational and impartial man can doubt. To the charge that they are impracticable, it is sufficient to reply that an attempt to carry them into execution has never been made. It will have been observed that we have not considered how such a policy as that which we have suggested would affect the position and interests of the pastoral tenants of the Crown. We believe that pastoral occupations are of the greatest importance, and should not be wantonly interfered with. Into a discussion, however, of the peculiar circumstances and claims of the squatters we do not now intend to enter. We shall

have abundant opportunities for so doing. Our task meanwhile has been accomplished. We have said enough, we trust, to enable our readers to judge whether the Wakefield system has deserved the opprobrium which has been heaped upon it; whether it is such a theoretical absurdity as some have represented it; and whether it does not contain the germs of a policy which, if adopted, may even now raise our country to a state of prosperity far higher than any British colony has ever yet attained.

THE CONDITION OF OUR ABORIGINES.*

To those of our population who have never known the aboriginal inhabitants, of this colony, under other circumstances, or in other conditions, than those which accompany their occasional presence in Melbourne, or in the inland towns, it may seem difficult to conceive of interest in any form attaching to a race at once so repulsive, and so low in the scale of human existence. So little do we know of their best qualities, so uninformed are we of their physical varieties, that when a short time since a few of the natives from the interior attended at the Crown Lands' Office, in company with the protector, Mr. Thomas, it was a matter of some surprise that they were athletic in form, intelligent in expression, and had something of the dignity of man in their demeanor. The "sinewy savage" of Mitchell has been so long absent from the ancient hunting fields of his race, that ignorance and prejudice had the subject to themselves, and to say the truth, made the most of the opportunity. It seems to have been laid down as an incontrovertible axiom, by many of the elder colonists, that the native tribes must become extinct, and that in hastening the process of extermination, we are but facilitating a conclusion foreshadowed by experience as the inevitable result of advancing civilisation. The blacks were to be dealt with as ignorant, wretched, and incapable of improvement; they were therefore declared to be so; and the consequence is, that in the short space of twenty-three years, their numbers are estimated to have fallen from 6,000 to one-fourth of that total. Some, like Mr. Hull, believe them to be "doomed to utter extinction," and that a supply of blankets and provisions, and a prohibition of cruelty on the part of the whites, comprise the whole duty of man to the aborigines of Australia. It is a complacent sort of philosophy that first takes from a race the country required for their subsistence, next inoculates it with evil

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* Report of the Select Committee of the Legislative Council, (appointed 26th October, 1838, on the motion of the Hon. J. M'Combie,) on the Aborigines, together with the Proceedings of Committee, Minutes' of Evidence and Appendices. Ordered by the Council to be printed 3rd January, 1859.

habits and pernicious diseases, and then calmly speculates on the results, as natural to a class whose intelligence is pronounced "utterly low," and whose existence may be tolerated as a necessity not well to be avoided, but to be terminated with as little pain as possible to its subjects, although as speedily as might be consistent with the imperative behests of humanity, and what is called civilization. We are glad to find that Mr. M'Combie did not quite concur in this wholesale method of settling a very important inquiry, and we willingly recognise his labor as highly creditable to himself and beneficial to its objects. The committee for which he moved, and of which he was the chairman, have accumulated a great mass of most valuable information, and have arrived, and we apprehend fairly and justly, at conclusions that, carried into practical effect, may at least for a time preserve this unhappy race from the cruel doom to which it has been so quietly and comfortably consigned. Their report, which has just issued from the Government printer, is a very useful document. Without any affectation of philosophic research, it furnishes a large mass of facts from which the student in the history of races may draw his deductions; and it possesses that further merit of practical availability which is rather the exception than the rule in the bulky results of our legislatioral labors.

The committee venture to hope that "the remnants of the aborigines may both be civilized and christianised." They believe that "the aborigines are possessed of mental power on a par with that of "their brethren of the other races of man: and that they are "perhaps superior to the negro and some of the more inferior divi-"sions of the human family." They expresss an opinion that the perception of the native is keen, and his aptitude at imitation great; but that he is deficient in perseverance and reflection—in other words, that his habit and mode of life have tended to the cultivation of that peculiar class of faculties excellence in which they most required, and that not having any call for reflective application, its exhibition is neither common nor natural. There is nothing very derogatory to the native in this. The same remark may be applied to people infinitely higher in the scale of human excellence: and we have no reason to believe that changed habits and more elevating employments would not educe the exhibition of corresponding qualities by the aborigines as by all the nations where similar causes have been brought into operation. It is simply a question of means, and peculiarly incident to the discussion of these is the information the committee have been at such pains to collect.

The final conclusion arrived at by it with reference to the best plan for the preservation of the remainder of the race is as follows:—

"The only practical method of accomplishing the desired object, "and the most likely under all the circumstances of the case, to suc-"ceed, would in the opinion of your committee, be to form reserves "for the various tribes on their own hunting grounds. These ought

"to be of such a size as would enable each tribe to combine agricul-
"tural and gardening operations with the depasturing of a moderate
"number of cattle and sheep (such reserves in agricultural districts
"not to exceed 500 acres; but when the land is not capable of being
"used for agriculture, then the reserve to be materially extended in
"order that it might unite pastoral with agricultural pursuits); and
"every effort should be made to induce the aborigines to take an in-
"terest in the occupations of civilized life and give them aid in carry-
"ing out the various branches of industry. Those establishments
"ought to be under the charge of missionaries, clerical or lay, whose
"duty it would be to teach the aborigines the great principles of
"Christianity, as well as the elementary branches of secular educa-
"tion; and it is the opinion of the committee, that ample supplies
"of provisions and blankets should be provided for these establish-
"ments until they could be made self-supporting; which your com-
"mittee trust might be the case. In cases where grants for this
"object are made the sites should be chosen in retired localities, and
"no licensed taverns should be permitted in their vicinity."

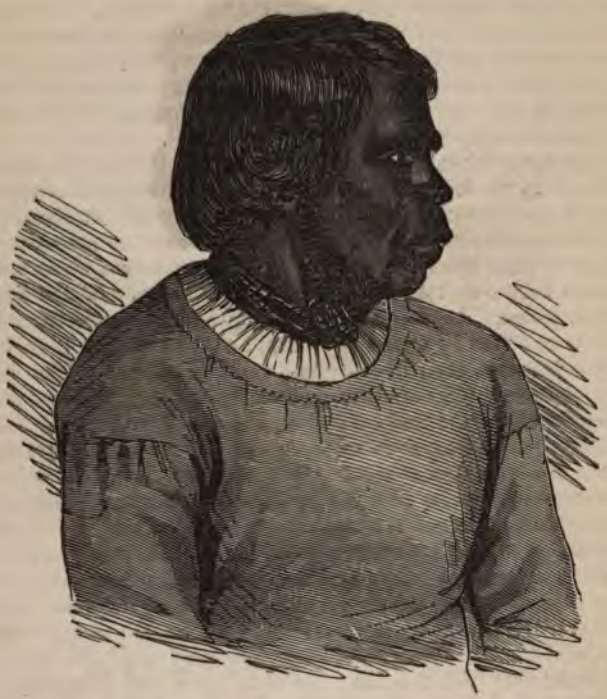
It will be seen that the essential point insisted on is the perfect isolation of the settlement. The Rev. Mr. Spieske and Mr. Thomas are agreed upon this condition. The former gentleman gave a mournful history of his experience—mournful chiefly as exhibiting the callousness of the settlers and the Government to the efforts that had been made by the Moravian church towards the amelioration of the native tribes. From 1850 to 1856 he was one of the missionaries at the Lake Boga Station, which in the latter year was abolished. At that time the average of the blacks under instruction, was between twenty and thirty, and he was confident, that the experiment would have proved ultimately successful. Mr. Hull on the contrary, as the result of seventeen years' experience, is convinced that the natives are irreclaimably stupid, and that all attempts to christianise them must fail. The Rev. Mr. Chase confirms the opinion expressed by Mr. Thomas and Mr. Spieske. Mr. Archibald Campbell, who has seen much of the Murray tribe, found their fidelity and gentleness such as to render them useful servants. Mr. Parker, who, for eleven years, held the office of protector of the aborigines, and whose evidence discloses considerable powers of observation and analysis, says: "I have always been of opinion that if the natives are taken at an early period of life, before their habits become definitely formed, they are just as capable of improvement as our own population." To the grounds on which he based the opinion we shall hereafter refer. For the present we purpose to condense the different statements as to the condition, habits, and language of the despised race, so as to present as concise and useful an impression as it is in our power to convey, rather than to examine the eligibility of the plan proposed for the reclamation of this unhappy remnant.

The committee prepared and circulated a set of queries which seem

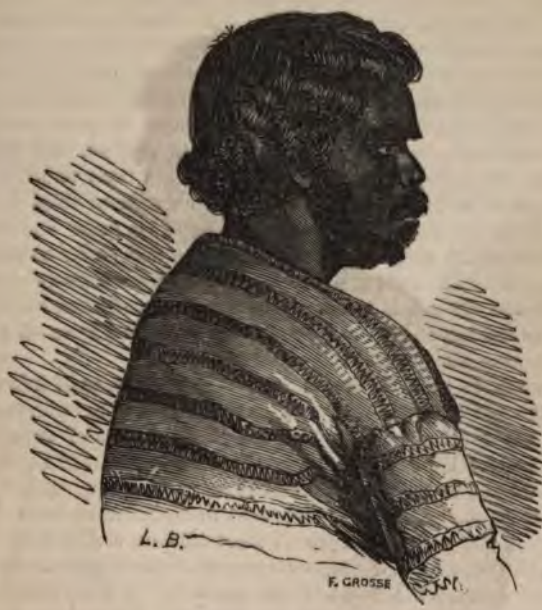
to have been well adapted to bring out the information desired. The first division was of a general nature, the second had reference to their physical character, their laws, customs, religion, language, and analogous subjects. To some of these questions no answers were given, but fortunately the most important of the number seem to have met with careful attention, and to have been replied to conscientiously and carefully. The facts they include are interesting, both actually and comparatively.

Generally speaking, the aboriginal may be said to be, although smaller than the Briton, muscular and well made, but their condition in this respect seems to be affected by circumstances of locality and food, those inhabiting the vicinity of rivers and the sea-coast exhibiting a superiority. The stature of the men in the Colac tribe is stated at from 5 feet 5 inches to 5 feet 8 inches; of the females, 5 feet 3 inches. In the Echuca district, the men varied from 5 feet 4 inches to 5 feet 9¾ inches in height, and from 2 feet 8 inches to 3 feet 2 inches in their measurement round the chest. The Villiers and Heytesbury tribe are described as pretty fairly proportioned, the average height of the males 5 feet 6 inches, and of the females 5 feet. The lower extremities seem to be deficient in muscular development, but the upper portion of the frame is compact, firm, and well knit. The complexion varies from a very dark olive brown (Villiers), to a genuine black (Portland). The hair is mostly strong, black, coarse, and inclined to curl, but presents nothing of the woolly appearance peculiar to the negro. The eyes are dark and penetrating. Some, such as the Colac tribe, emit a perceptible odour, others are entirely free from it. The head is usually well set on the neck, round in shape, and the face broad; the teeth are large and good; the jaw larger than that of Europeans; the chin small and effeminate; the skull bones very thick; the feet are small and flat. We engrave on the next pages, two portraits from Dr. Becker's illustrations appended to the report, and we also give the descriptive comments by which they are accompanied.

When we pass from the physical conformation of the natives to the sexes, and the chances of life, we find that the males outnumber the women, more especially in those districts where the proximity to the whites expose the females to the evils that generally follow from that circumstance. There are few children among them; and there are not many who have reached more than fifty years of age Mr. Thomas, speaking of the tribe under his peculiar charge, says—
"When they keep in the bush, and are working with respectable "farmers, their bodily health is as good as regular living Europeans. "It is only when they stop for a week or two near a public inn, or "with low characters, that their enervated constitutions are materi-"ally affected, which I have known so rapid, that a few days have "ended their career. Pulmonary disorders are what they are most "liable to, and when drinking to excess, and not able to reach the "encampment, down they lay, perhaps on a wet, cold night, and



"Portrait of Billy, a native of Port Fairy. The likeness was taken "by me, from life, in 1854. His age was eighteen years: height "five feet two inches; complexion, light chocolate brown; flat nose; "jaws very much projected; mouth large; lips sharp edged, with a "reddish hue; teeth complete, and pure white; chin small and re-"ceding; well shaped eyes, the iris nearly black, the white of the "eyes has a light yellowish tint; eyelashes long and black; head "well formed; forehead rising nearly perpendicular from horizontal, "black and lashy eyebrows; hair jet black and full. His voice is a "fine manly baritone: chest broad; neck short; powerful arms; "legs not very full or fat, but strong, and a little outwards bent, so "called O. legs, in juxtaproportion to the X legs. He was formerly "in the native police force, and afterwards servant of Dr. Youl, in "Melbourne; left his native place when a boy."



" Portrait of Tilki, a native from near the Darling river. When I " took his likeness, in 1854, his age was twenty years. His general " appearance was like the former's, with the exception that the skin " is a little darker, the hair more curly, nose shorter, mouth smaller. " His height is five feet seven and a half inches. One tooth in front " of jaw is missing. in consequence of a ceremony performed on " reaching manhood. His tribe does not know the boomerang : their " chief weapon is the spear, (rocki), thrown with the assistance of the " yunka, (the arromera of the blacks near Port Philip) ; the Kalke, " (waddi), and the shield (woomi). They have only one word for " hair, beard, eyebrows, eyelashes—viz, gras. While I was drawing " his well-formed man's profile, I observed that the thumb of his " left hand was in a crippled state, and, asking the cause of it, he " answered, 'I was a child, and on my mother's back, when she and " with other black women searched for mussel-fish on the Murray, " near Mount Dispersion. There some men, belonging to Mitchell's " exploring expedition fired into us, and a musket ball carried off " part of my thumb, which never grew afterwards so well as the one " I have left here on my right hand.' The historical fact just related " by him, enabled me to put down his exact age, which seldom or " never is known to themselves. Tilki, (his native name), was, in " 1854, at Kaleyne, a station on the Murray."

"throw themselves literally into the arms of death." The mortality, of late years, has been exceedingly great, and much of this is attributable to indulgence in ardent spirits. Mr. Rusden asks with great justice how could it be otherwise? Mr. Piper, with sly sarcasm observes—"The aborigines emulate their civilised brethren in this." How often have their civilised brethren exhibited anything else to emulate. Opinions seem divided as to the value of prohibiting the approach of the aborigines to our towns and villages, but the majority favor the affirmative as preserving them from temptation to that indulgence in intoxicating drinks, which is most fatal to their health. They are almost invariably spoken of as quiet and inoffensive in their habits, readily rendering service, and easily satisfied by a slight reward: the natives of the Omeo being the solitary exception. Theft from the settlers is seldom experienced, and then only when necessity is the impelling cause; but they will steal from each other with something like gusto.

There seems to be little doubt as to the prevalence of infanticide amongst the natives, some of the witnesses referring it, when it does occur, to superstition, others to want of the means of subsistence, and others to a feeling of jealousy of the encroachment of the whites. Children are not exposed when deformity or accident renders them helpless or repulsive, but they are said to be killed at once. They have none of the practices in which some nations, civilised as well as barbarous, indulge for the improvement of their shape or features; they do not squeeze the waist of the children, or cripple their feet, or press their skulls into flatness and beauty. Infants are "carried by the mother in a fold of the opossum rug, or blanket, under the arm;" "older children are carried on their mother's back." Of education—using the term as signifying instruction by direct tuition—there seems to be little or none. The children in their play imitate the avocations of their elders, and although in some tribes it is said the parents encourage feats of activity and strength, the general practice seems to be to let matters take their own course.

The position of the women is one of great degradation. Chastity, always remarkably deficient, has become almost unknown since their acquaintance with the whites. Of marriage ceremonies, or of marriage as an institution, they are ignorant. Mr. Thomas gives the following description of the mode in which the female is disposed of:—

"The males engross the privilege of disposing of the females—mother nor "daughter has any power. So tenacious are the males of this prerogative, "that if the father be dead the brother has the power; if no brother, the "uncle, and so on. The result of this unnatural course is that a girl of "fourteen years is often given to a man of sixty. The girl is brought forth "by the father, who has a spear in one hand, and a tomahawk in the other; "holding down her head, yabbering and crying, is forced to her intended "husband, to whom she is given. She shows reluctance; a blow from the "father is given; the girl screams; the mother's yell is next heard. A "second blow is given, and the girl is dragged by her husband to his miami.

"She resists— the husband gives a blow. At this stage of the ceremony (?) "a cabal is in the encampment, wonguims flying about from some young "men, who, perhaps, had been in treaty for her, or had been promised her "The husband rushes from his miami to see who are his rivals; a general "fight ensues, and very often the husband gets a spear wound. The old "men, who alone can quell a disturbance, take the command, During this "cabal the young girl may be seen going back to her mother, but is soon "dragged by her arms. or by the hair of her head, by her father to her "husband's miami again; and after a few more blows, or if she is deter-"mined, the father will spear her in her leg to prevent her going away. Thus "the poor creature is at last subdued, and often after all makes a very do-"mestic wife or slave."

Polygamy is said to prevail—the number of a man's wives being regulated by his prowess and ability to maintain them. Divorce occurs, so far as enforced or agreed separation between the man and his wife can be supposed to be included in the meaning of the term. Mr. Thomas cites a case wherein a lubra, (wife), given by her father to one man, eloped to another, and the rival claims were settled by single combat. We can hardly agree with him that this is an instance of divorce It is rather a contrast to the brutality of the marriage procedure, that widows are well and even kindly treated. On the death of their husbands they are said to fall back into the guardianship of their nearest male relative; but a greater degree of liberty seems to prevail among them than among unmarried women.

We can scarcely look for much of epicureanism among a people so indolent and apathetic. "They trust," says one witness, "considerably to the bounty of nature." Originally they seem to have depended almost entirely upon animal food, with, perhaps, a condiment of gum leaves. Mr. Beveridge says that they "cook their food by means of red hot bricks placed over the bottom and round the sides of a hole dug for the purpose. Over the bricks they place damp grass, and then lay the food in, strewing damp grass over it, upon which they place more hot bricks; then they cover the whole up with clay. It is a very first-rate way of preparing food." But the habit of purchasing from the whites has increased the range of their taste and extended their notions of cookery. They roast and boil, and they eat bread and drink tea; and as they become accustomed to the diet of civilisation, that of their original condition grows gradually distasteful. Of intoxicating liquors they knew nothing till they became acquainted with Europeans. Nor did they gamble. Of late the Gipps Land blacks have learned to play at cards, and they are said to discriminate trumps, and to go accurately through a game. But the corroberry or native dance is still their principal amusement, and is well calculated to strengthen and give agility to the frame.

Their dress, before association with the whites induced new desires, was a mantle of skins, a necklace formed of pieces of reed, strung like beads; and a girdle round the loins, having a tassel in front of strips of skins, was always worn at the corroberry. On great

occasions, they painted with white chalk or clay, and feathers were sometimes used as ornament. Both sexes tatooed, and, after a death or murder, they painted red, and plastered their heads with clay. Most of these habits, however, have been abandoned, and the blanket and other approximations to our own habiliments begin to prevail.

Of their treatment of the sick and infirm there seems to be different opinions, but the weight of evidence is in favour of general kindness varied by occasional displays of great affection. Some tribes bury their dead, others expose the corpse; the Gipps Land blacks mutilate the body retaining the hands as a sacred relic. Warlike implements and clothes were buried in the same grave with the desceased. Some tribes revisit the burying places of the departed, others are said to omit the custom; but there seems no trace of memorial nor any idea of perpetuiting the names or deeds of those whom they have lost. By some of our settlers it is said, that the natives have a dim notion of transmigration, or of a future state in which food will be ready whenever they require it. But there is much contrariety of opinion on this point, and while the experience of one observer would tend to prove that the natives believe that "they jump up white fellow," that of another points to a belief in an ultimate change to the birds and beasts of the country they inhabit.

Whatever might have once been their religions observances they have now very few. In former days they seem to have had general meetings, at which various ceremonies were performed, and at which neither women nor children were permitted to be present; but drink and suffering, and gradual diminution in number, not less than intercourse with the whites, have rendered them careless. They are said to believe in one great spirit whom they fear, but they make no sacrifice to him, and they have no sacred days or feasts in his honor. They do sacrifice to the dead, but the immolation of another human being is necessary precedent to the offering. They have no priests, and the nearest approach even to a magician, is a sort of mixed character, half doctor half interpreter of dreams, who is listened to with unhesitating assent; but they reward him only "by extra lamentation when he is dead. But they are not free from a timidity analagous to that of children in the dark; scarcely knowing what they dread, they yet fear something, and they are oddly described as looking upon evil spirits on water and on land as "females without heads." They seem to have a confused idea of witchcraft, and they have names for the heavenly bodies; they maintain that some of the stars were even blackfellows, who for some good acts are removed to the skies where they shine. The motion of the moon, and the blossoming of flowers enable them to compute time, and in the latter respect they are said to attain to great accuracy.

Of government, in our sense of the term, they have scarcely any idea. The chief exercises but little authority, and is controlled even in that by the old man of the tribe. It would seem that the office

such as it is, is elective. They are, however, not without certain fixed laws. Thus they have a sort of compensation for injuries—the black who has committed a crime may expiate it by being speared either by the person injured, or by his friends. The decisions of their conncils, so to speak, are guided by their laws, which never vary, and obedience is universal. In war they are treacherous. The tribe is summoned by a species of fire-stick, and silently steals upon its enemy. The male prisoners are said to be killed, and in some cases eaten. The females become the slaves or wives of the conquerors. Mr. Thomas thinks that a slight confederacy existed throughout the tribes, but is not confirmed by other witnesses.

In their habitations they evinced no taste and little industry. A hut of bark strips placed with some ingenuity to keep out the wet, exhibits the extent of their building knowledge. They ornamented some of their weapons with rude carving, but beyond this they have not been known, except in rare instances, to display any taste for art, even in its rudest form. And in this respect, since their knowledge of Europeans has increased their wants, they have shown no desire to reform. That knowledge has tended rather to degrade than to exalt their character. Low as might be their capacity before it, it has scarcely extended their powers, save in giving new forms to, and a keener perception of, vicious enjoyment, and a strong desire for the means of that intemperance which has been their greatest bane.

Of such a people the language may be expected to be poor in terms, although the dialects may vary with the different tribes. Mr. Beveridge says that one or two in each tribe possess a general acquaintance with the languages of a whole district, and that their persons are held sacred on that account. But poverty of expression can scarcely be otherwise than the accompaniment of poverty of thought. The gentleman last named has shown the narrowness of the nation in conception, by adapting the Lord's prayer to one of the aboriginal dialects, and we transcribe it as a curiosity :—

Gueletcho Mamook gena Tyrilly, talko Guinma Guinigan Guinma
Our Father living in Heaven, good thy name thy
wery ka ky Guinma quanyan burka kumma thungy, gnooly
smile come here, thy wishes be done on this earth, as in
Tyrrilly. Woga gueletcho bunimy keely quaky, qua yakna
Heaven. Give us bread this day and take awry
gueletcho waiknoo warra gnooly gnally yakna waiknoo warra
our evil deeds, as we take away evil deeds
niaida, qua tinda gueletcho watty gnunthy barry waiknoo warra,
of others, and lead us not in the road (of) evil deeds
qua yakna yething dubimin tolkyne, guinma kirtowel kir-
and take away evil thoughts altogether, you are thousand thou-
towel wonkeroo, janemoonyary quaky. Guay.
sand strong, a million days. Amen.

Mr. Thomas gives a short sketch of the language of the two Melbourne tribes, to which, on a future occasion, we shall refer, but when so near the close of our paper, we should scarcely be able now to do justice to the subject. The very concise grammar which he prefixes to his vocabulary will be of value to the philological, and we regret that our limits do not admit of its extraction, for the information of our readers.

There only remains for us to enquire into the result of well-directed efforts towards the improvement of a race so simple in habit, and so limited in intellectual range as that we have described. A letter from Mr. Hawkes, to the Bishop of Adelaide, describing the Poodindie station (Port Lincoln), and published in the *South Australian Register*, in September, 1858, offers some facts which are worth a thousand opinions; and from this we quote. "The first bell rings at seven "o'clock a.m., prayers at half-past seven, then breakfast; at half-"past nine the people go to their respective employments, some to "ploughing, some to trenching and draining, &c, Others (the boys "chiefly), herding cattle, milking the cows, digging the garden, &c. "The women and girls go to morning school, when reading, writing, "spelling, and sowing, also arithmetic, are taught. * * * "Most of the women make their own dresses. At twelve o'clock, "the men come back to dinner, and I believe several take that office "of cook and butcher by turns. * * The bread they bake is "capital." And, again, speaking of the willingness of the natives to learn, the writer describes them after a hard day's work, as attending the school to be taught writing, reading, and arithmetic. "They are capital cricketers, the best in the district. They played a "match with the settlers at Port Lincoln, who brought their best "players into the field, but the natives beat them easily." There were at that time forty-five or forty-six natives at the home station happily and contentedly employed. An examination on various points showed that they both recollected what they had been taught and knew how to apply it. Recently indeed, on the day we are writing, the Rev. Mr. Chase bears testimony in the *Argus* that the blacks at the Yelta Station, on the Lower Murray, are progressing favorably under the instruction they receive. We again turn to the conclusion arrived at by the committee of our legislative council before referred to, and we ask whether facts are not in accordance with their theory, and do not justify their recommendation. It may be true that the favorable consequences to which we point, are of infrequent occurrence,, but they are at least quite as frequent as the efforts made to secure them. Were more steady, general, and systematic exertions put forth to save some portion of the native tribes from extinction, we might reasonably hope for at any rate a partial success. That it is the duty of the legislature to provide means for the purpose we can scarcely suppose open to doubt. And certainly he who can deliberately condemn all effort, and reject all responsibility, and content himself with leaving the remnant of a race

we have deliberately dispossessed of their country to the miseries of starvation and of a lingering and painful decay, must exhibit a sad deficiency in those moral qualities whose languor he censures in them,—an apathy to exertion, an ignorance of human rights which might be looked for in a savage, but scarcely in one claiming the name and professing the tenets of a Christian.

THE COMING MEN.

If it is to be affirmed that the institutions of our colony present the most enlarged examples of political liberty, it may with equal justice be demanded of the people, that they evince a corresponding appreciation of the privileges they enjoy. For the value of freedom is in the benefit it confers. Amongst the most important of these, is that of an enlightened and honest legislature. Now unrestricted choice of our legislators is an essential portion of our constitutional rights, and hence, if we in its exercise return incompetent men, we not only diminish our own advantages, but by lessening the value of freedom to ourselves, depreciate it in the eyes of the world. A nation of freemen voluntarily abandoning themselves to the evils which a right employment of liberty should prevent, is a far more melancholy spectacle than the enforced abasement of a populace of slaves.

The approaching election will occur at a period, perhaps equal in importance to any that we have yet experienced in the history of the colony. Confessedly the first legislature under the new constitution has failed in the performance of the task entrusted to it, and as a sort of climax, has in great part altered its electoral system, and delegated to the new men who are to be the first fruits of that alteration, the solving of the problems with which itself was unable to deal. If, therefore, the forthcoming parliament prove no more able than its predecessor to settle the great questions that immediately affect the public interest, it will be practically a confession either that we have not the men to return, or that our system is inadequate to secure a proper selection; or that if able men exist, and our institutions are complete in themselves, we are unworthy of both, by leaving the choice to chance,—a chance which if it does result in the return of competent representatives, never does so for a right reason. And if to the incompetency of the past legislature we add the injury sustained by the consequent delay in adjusting the great questions which so affect the public interests, we cannot fail to perceive that much greater injury that will result from a continuance, from like causes, of like delay. Of the importance of these subjects no right thinking man can entertain a doubt. The land system of the colony—the retrenchment of expenditure—the simplifying and consolidating our mining laws—the amendment of the law relating

to the transfer of real property, and even the very precarious condition of our public finances; these are not matters to be dealt with by a mere ignorant assumption. On subjects like these, we have a right to demand of those who present themselves to our constituencies, not only what are their opinions, but why and how they are arrived at. There is nothing more easy than to make a positive or negative assertion. The veriest dolt that sat on either side in the late assembly—and there were not a few of such capacity—could say that he was for or against free selection; but it would take a statesman to adduce good reasons on one side or on the other. Any stump orator can declaim in favor of retrenchment—the principles on which it should be based may tax the research of an economist, the method of their application, the industry of a statistician. Nor is it difficult for a mere wordmonger to advocate in general terms the reform of our mining legislation, while the ablest man among us would find it no slight task to show where it should commence or on what plan it should proceed. And so long as we are contented with the mere avowal of certain opinions without a clear exposition of the reasoning by which they are supported, we shall fall an easy prey to every quack who has sufficient impudence to face a constituency, and sufficient ingenuity to conceal his ignorance by an assumption of unsophisticated honesty, and that desire of justice which is sometimes taken as an adequate excuse for the perpetration of the grossest political iniquity.

There is more reason for the exercise of caution and discretion in the coming election from the organised hypocrisy with which both ministers and their assailants are preparing to appeal to the country. We were once told that the safety of liberal principles was involved in the election of the present Government to power. We are now told that the honor and prosperity of the colony is concerned in their removal. We all know how much truth there was in the first outcry; we may easily judge, if we will take sufficient pains to inform ourselves, how far yielding to the second will promote the end set forth as its ultimate object. It would be much more to the purpose were we informed who we could beneficially put in the present ministers' places. If the expulsion of Mr. O'Shanassy is simply to create a vacancy for Mr. Wm. Nicholson—if Mr. Harker is to retreat before the advance of Mr. Ebden—if Mr. M'Culloch is to take the place of Mr. Miller—what do we gain? We don't look just now to the possibility of less open avarice of gain, power, and patronage. That could hardly be exhibited to a greater extent or more offensively: but what is to be the change in the policy by which the country is to be governed? Where is the programme? We have seen nothing deserving the name yet. The high sounding "Minute of the Council of the Constitutional Association" presents nothing but invective against the present Ministry. It recapitulates with a cumulative feebleness that weakens the force of the facts embodied, their delinquencies and deficiencies, but it points to no one more honest or more

efficient, and seems studiously to avoid the slightest hint of a reform in our political system. Surely the special manifesto of a great political combination might contain something a little better than a mass of undigested accusations compiled from the newspapers of the last six months. Is it to be taken as a sign of the ability and competency of its framers? There is not a writer on the Melbourne Press, of twelve months' standing, who would not be ashamed of it; and its manufactory is to be the birth-place of our proximate political purity and freedom. Bah! Where, then, are we to look for the "coming men." The advertising columns of the newspapers are as yet barren of those addresses which give joy to the hearts of the publishers, if they fail to afford pleasure to any one else. There are rumors in obscure constituencies of requisitions and candidates, but the large electoral districts afford no sign of the approaching trial. Is it because the electors are pondering on the little good that has yet followed from representative government; or because the would-be members are confused and frightened by the complicated web that lies before them to disentangle; or because of a wide-spread apathy to the general interest, when the richest fields of official plunder have been explored and exhausted. The truth of either assumption would be discreditable to the public spirit, and dangerous to the prosperity of the community in which it occurs. Yet it will not be denied that the present juncture of affairs is one which demands both thought and action from those who aspire to be the leaders and exponents of public opinion, and that, however urgent the call, it as yet finds no response.

Undoubtedly, were the representatives of the people to be the mere mouth-pieces of their supporters, there would be little difficulty in the matter. The greatest charlatan or the greatest fool would have the best chance of election. For our education has not yet reached that standard that the electors are necessarily conscious of the real nature of their privileges, or aware of the responsibilities they impose; and hence it may happen again, as it has happened before, that where the pliability of the candidate keeps pace with the demands engendered by reckless headstrong ignorance, he may be returned, pledged to every impracticable measure that a perverse ingenuity could suggest, and free to follow his own bent in the real business of legislation. Nothing is more easy at the hustings than to avow definite opinions upon some Utopian scheme of which the legislature will never hear. A descent to the practical will be more difficult, more displeasing, and perhaps less convenient to the elastic politicians of the day, but far more conducive to the prosperous settlement of the colony, and more creditable as well as advantageous to its inhabitants. As it will call for some degree of political information and some effort at thought upon the subjects with which the coming Parliament will have to deal, it is less practicable than the easy vociferation which requires small knowledge or sense to share in, and only a slight appreciation of political honesty to bow to.

But what will be the result? Let any candid, educated man of common sense ask himself if bawling "down with O'Shanassy," until his voice is gone, will help him to a clearer idea of the necessities of our politico-social condition—or of the qualifications of the men who are to remedy the evils. Unquestionably the absence of that person from the Government of the country would be good for himself, but whether it would be good for the people would depend very much upon our getting a better. And whether we *shall* get a better will depend upon the intelligence of the constituencies in appreciating their real wants, and selecting the men best qualified to devise the necessary provision. They will not exhibit much in listening to the miserable cant with which the local stump orators of the day will deluge them. The O'Connors of Ballaarat—the Cappers of Sandhurst—the nobodies of a great many other places—will not serve their purpose, however they may determine to serve their own. The powers required are as different as the ends to be gained. A man ignorant of the simplest elements of political economy may make a useful tool—his vote will count for one on a division—and subside into the kindly refuge of a place with the ease he promised himself when he started on his career. Bnt he will not take a part in the honest adjustment of the land question; he will be useless in mining legislation; the educational question will be as Greek to him; and the reform of the law as the higher mathematics. He will scarcely trouble Mr. Ridgway for a book whence to steal a speech or cram a quotation. He may profit his own direct interests, he will scarcely damage his own character; but he will injure the country he disgraces, and his constituents will share in the dishonor and the loss.

That men of this class will come forward we may not doubt. Some signs of their advent are already apparent. The flight of locusts in the land of Egypt was not more sure when Moses had waved his rod, than the descent of this crew on our own country when the warrant for the elections has issued. Nor will they be confined to men without money—without what, in the pharisaical hypocrisy of modern phrase is called 'a stake in the colony.' The chances which have led here to sudden affluence, have befriended the illiterate cunning as well as the educated schemer; and as the rain falls on the unjust as on the just, so the gold-fields have showered down wealth on folly as on wisdom. Such men are oft-times as much adventurers as their better taught but less fortunate competitors. They have position to gain—respect—the subsidiary reputation that follows on senatorial honors. It has so happened that men who have been destitute of the common acquirements of a charity schoolboy, and whose sense has been equal to their knowledge have, on the strength of some wealth, coupled with an ostentatious adhesion to a popular cry, been pitchforked into a legislature in which not only were they never heard, but whose proceedings were in most points as far beyond their comprehension as the rythm of a chorus in a Greek play. It may so happen again, but danger increases with

its repetition. The ship that has just barely weathered a gale is not the one that a sane voyager would venture out in, to meet another storm.

Nor are we less exposed to the mischief of corrupt, incompetent legislation from another quarter. Unhappily, the government of this country has, for many years, been so mixed up with the personal interests of a few leading men and their immediate connections, that a vast mass of vested interests—none the less weighty or dangerous from being concealed from the common gaze—have grown with the colony, and strengthened with its strength. The land question, now, really hangs less upon the dictates of a sound political economy than upon the strength which the squatting interest may bring to bear upon it. The first attempt at retrenchment in our public expenditure will raise a storm from the attachés and expectants of present and proximate ministers. And the burdensome railway system, loans, patronage, and contracts, will find a host of upholders in all whom the six banks may in any way influence—in the noble army who hang hungrily on the skirts of the vast array of officials who are daily increasing in its camp—in the money-lenders and contractors, and workmen, who expect to derive profit from the expenditure. Present necessity and immediate profit are conving arguments. If the electors would render them useless, they must meet them with different weapons—they must set up principles to be adhered to, not men to be followed—they must really, and in the only true sense in which such words can ever be employed, raise the rallying cry of measures and not men.

And what measures? We need scarcely weary our readers with recapitulation. We want such a settlement of the land question as will render the cultivation of the country more certain—its population more rapid—the acquisition of land by actual settlers easier, and less costly, than now. We deny that it should be looked to directly as a source of revenue, or that the apparent vested interests of speculators and land-jobbers should be allowed to stand in the way of opening up the colony and her resources to all who would be induced to come. We know, that as an instrument of settlement, our present land system has utterly failed, and that, on some great points, such as fixity of price, free selection with certain conditions, and impediment to the speculator by taxing his uncultivated acres, there is little difference of opinion among the best informed men of the day. Let those who would go further, and seek for free commonage, and deferred payments, seek to return their candidates, if they can do so without damaging the prospects of those who go halfway with them as against those who oppose them altogether. Don't hazard an almost certain loss against a highly probable gain: but let there be no ambiguity, no looseness of expression: if the candidate is to be pledged, take care that his promise shall be clear, definite, and beyond even the possibility of misapprehension. And so in administrative reform, there need be no difficulty in the matter, how-

ever some may seek to mystify it by complex statements and multitudinous details. What are the prices of provisions and the necessaries of life now? What were they when the salaries of the public servants were increased? Lower the salaries in proportion to the difference—and for the rest, let a committee of members of both houses, wholly unconnected with the government of the day, be appointed to proceed to the other colonies—especially to South Australia—and to learn by experience there, how to simplify establishments here.

We have still the vexed questions of mining legislation, education, and law reform. The first is a subject, as yet, for enquiry, and for patient and laborious consideration—and probably, a select committee, with power to proceed to the gold-fields, and take evidence on the spot would be the best preliminary step that could be taken. It answered well when the commission that followed the Eureka riots ended its labors; the precedent may be worth following, and the results may be ultirnately found as satisfactory now as then. The time occupied by the enquiry would be nothing in comparison with the benefit it would, properly conducted, secure. And, with respect to education, we confess that we see no better method of settling the disgraceful disputes that have so recently embarrassed the operations of the Denominational Board than the excision of the religious element altogether: but whether this be so or not, let the money grant be apportioned fairly, and more power be given to the local governing bodies and less to the central boards. As to law reform, whoever adventures on that, sets out on a vexatious journey, with briars and brambles, and a venemous hissing in his ears, at every step. It must, nevertheless, be encountered, and the simple questions will be these, will the candidate endeavonr to assimilate the transfer of real to that of personal property in simplicity and economy? Will he do somewhat to lessen the complexity and cost of litigation—and will he lend his aid to such a reform of the procedure in the insolvent courts as may give to the creditors in an estate, at least, a small proportion of its proceeds within a reasonable period. There are some minor points on which thought would not be thrown away, such as an extension of the municipal system, and the lessening of that centralization which is at once so costly, and so slow, and so inefficient in its operation.

We are far from supposing that the few points alluded to include every subject on which a would-be representative should possess at least elementary information; but they will tax the talent and the knowledge of many of them to quite as great an extent as they are able to bear, and their satisfactory settlement would go far to initiate a new career of progress and prosperity for the colony. It would indeed be a great gain to find land-leagues and conventions matters of history—the taxation of the colony placed on a par with that of its neighbours—the law relative to mining a little more easy of comprehension than algebraic formulœ—education unvexed by polemic controversy—real property no longer subject to a tax of ten per

cent. on its value in the shape of law costs, and an effort to obtain justice at the public tribunals denuded of its resemblance to the begining of ruin. They who would obtain these great benefits would deserve our gratitude. They who will be satisfied with less may look for little else but dissatisfaction and reproach.

But the men! were are they? It rests not with us to say. That is a question the constituencies must decide for themselves, and they may very easily do so. If a gentleman of "correct opinions" presents himself, and with glib utterance runs over the articles of his political creed, let them ask him for a reason for the faith that is in him—Why does he support free selection? Why advocate a fixed price? On what grounds does he agree with the doctrine of deferred payments? Is he convinced of the necessity of retrenchment? Where does he find profusion, and in what direction would his labors begin? He would reform our mining laws—what evil does he discover, and on what principle would he apply a remedy? If he ees the evil inflicted by the high cost of litigation, in what way would he commence his reform? Let the electors bear in mind that while ten in every hundred could promise to advocate every improvement that we have mentioned, it would not often be easy to find one amongst those ten who could tell them why or how he would set about it. It is precisely the man who is most difficult to be found whom they have to select. With them rests the labor—with them the responsibility; let us add, on them will be reflected the honor and the advantage that must flow from a prudent and well-advised choice—the discredit and the damage that must result from a bad one.

We know full well, that to the great majority who may read these words, that danger may appear remote, and that advantage inappreciable: but they who are thus deluded will in due time be awakened, as he who heedlessly journies over a volcanic soil is roused to flight by the crash of fallen edifices and the agonies of ruined homes. Let such an one imagine to himself a period when taxation has reached its utmost limit, and the public debt forbids what reduction the cost of government might otherwise admit. Let him conceive of political power held only—on the one hand to conserve monstrous privileges, to maintain an artificial value in property, and to support wealth although by the suicidal process of hindering the settlement of the country and the continuous influx of population—on the other, to compass by every means that patronage and intimidation can furnish, an attainment of the like wealth; to bid for the popular vote, to show how the power it gave could be employed in the arts of popular corruption. Let him conjecture how in such a contest, waged between parties whose ignorance of nine-tenths of the great axioms of political science would leave them blind to every result but mere personal, or party considerations—the real interests of the community would be sought for or

even comprehended. In a word, let him suppose folly and selfishness the governing powers of the country, and indulge his imagination to whatever extent he chooses in picturing the natural consequences, and they will then fall short of the actual misery that must come upon the great body of this community from the capricious folly of an incompetent, and ignorant, and therefore, more easily corrupted legislature. Are we to have a war of classes? Such men would be the natural leaders in the fray. Is the strong hand to rule irrespective of all other influences? Such a despotism finds its best props in the fear of the ignorant. Are we to preserve or rather to restore that state of prosperity to which we once attained. Then only, under Providence, in the wisdom of our rulers—in the firm, large-minded integrity and industry of our parliaments are the means to be found. Send the folly of the land to rule over it, and gather the fruits—they will be no apples of Eden—the bitter ashes that in their shape mocked the appetite of fiends, will be more analogous.

We do not over-estimate the importance of our present crisis. Whether the brilliant orator, who referred to our parliament as a magnified vestry, was right or wrong, we shall not stop to inquire, for it matters little to our argument. We are yet young in our government—in the infancy of our nationality. Every day we live confirms the tendency to good or evil. It rests with the present to foreshadow the future. National character, national conduct—our place in the hearts of those who come after us—their eminence in the scale of national honor, may not be altogether dependent upon the special action of to-day, but there was yesterday—there is to-morrow. Time consolidates what he does not destroy. Let us up and be stirring The morning has dawned; does it not rest with ourselves what this people shall become at the meridian of the day.

OUR ARRIVAL.

A SKETCH IN THE BAY.

It is only a little after day-break; and at length the pleasant cry of "land?" resounds throughout the Blazer—that sweetest of all sounds to those who have been dreaming away a monotonous voyage of nearly three months. Now we can distinctly see the bold cliffs of Cape Otway; and the white-crested billows surging up at their base. But surely this cannot be Australia Felix, the antipodean paradise which we were induced to anticipate as the reward of our dreary pilgrimage. Where is the sky of inimitable blue, and the perpetual sunshine; and the balmy atmosphere, merely to inhale which, we were told, would be an exquisite banquet. Never were new chums so deceived and bewildered. The rain descends in a close blinding shower, that now and then shuts the land completely

out of view; the sky lours over us with gloomy aspect that inspires anything but cheerful reflections; and the atmosphere is cold and raw enough to remind us of a dreary October day in the old country.

So the time passes until evening, and we are now at the Heads—as one or two old chums who were "out before" very considerately inform us. The amount of information said old chums, have imparted to us during the voyage is a perfect marvel—not that it always proved to be marvellously correct however. The skipper is in better humour than usual, and even the cynical face of our "doctor" wears something approaching to a smile, as he exchanges some congratulatory—perhaps tender observations with fair friends on the poop. Despite the unpropitious weather everybody continues upon deck, gazing upon the new world in which they are about to make such a perilous venture. Most of the "packing up" has been completed; and if we can only get a skilful pilot before the wind increases, we may actually take a stroll through Melbourne to-morrow. The captain has been earnestly gazing at the storm for the last half-hour, and the elation he felt a while ago has given place to anxiety as to how we are to enter the Heads

Hurra! There is the pilot-boat; and the fellows on board are making over to us without delay. What will they be like? will they be Aborigines—real dusky lords of the soil—armed with the boomerang, and equally ready to welcome and resent our invasion of their shores. Alas! nothing could be more unromantic than the appearance of these illustrious strangers; and the pilot himself is about as prosaic an ancient mariner as ever chewed the quid on the quays of Liverpool or London. There is a slight unsteadiness in his gait too—a comical twinkle in his eye—and a peculiar aroma from his chapped lips—which would seem to indicate quite a "civilized" appreciation of brandy. As he takes charge of the Blazer, the poor Captain displays no little hesitation; but he has no alternative. It is not long, however, till a collision between the two seems inevitable. There is a large vessel just a-head of us; and the pilot seems resolved upon running her down. See! by Neptune, we cannot avoid coming into contact with her, and we may, ourselves, come off second best in the encounter. The excitement of all on board becomes intense.

"Port—port! Hard-a-port!" roars the Captain,

I say, now, Captain, "hiccups our pilot—Don't speak to the man at the wheel. I have charge of the ship!"

Now we are in for it. Ha! that *was* a terrific concussion; but we have escaped with the loss of a few spars, and an ugly dinge in the gunwale. The other vessel has suffered a good deal more. "There now," cried the pilot, with perfect unconcern. "I knew it would only *carry away something.*"

And now the weather assumes a still more menacing aspect. It is blowing a regular gale, and the rain comes down in thick, heavy

masses—so that even the most anxious or enthusiastic of the passengers has to retreat from the deck. The waves have become fearfully high too; and albeit this is Hobson's Bay, our vessel is more severely tried than she was during the voyage. The Pilot has changed with the weather, and whereas he was over-venturesome in the beginning, he has now become vexatiously timid. We have still a long distance to go up the Bay; but he insists upon dropping anchor where we are, and waiting for the wind to go down. Upon learning this, the passengers of all classes become enraged, for they had made up their minds to proceed to Melbourne forthwith, and the Pilot stands in serious peril should he disappoint so many clamorous petitioners. He is inexorable, however. Down the anchors are dropped, while we are only five or six miles from Melbourne; and with but little hope that the morrow will find our tormentor in a more amiable mood. Night closes in, wet, dark, and becoming more stormy every hour, and the passengers retire grumbling to their berths—curses both loud and deep being expended lavishly enough upon the obstinate pilot. Some of the most thoughtless actually express a hope that the vessel may break away from her moorings during the night, and drift on to the coveted city.

Next day the weather is still more unpropitious, and the pilot and captain congratulate themselves upon having anchored in their present position. Nothing could be more cheerless than the appearance of the mist-covered shore, as we glance at it through a forest of masts. The waves toss us about to and fro incessantly, and it has become positively detestable to look at them, for the water has no longer the bright green hue of the deep deep sea, but a dull, turbid color, suggestive of a huge pool of stagnation. There is no hope of either going ashore, or hearing from the city at all this day, for no small boat could live in that tumultuous sea; and we cannot expect the steamer to tug us up till to-morrow. Never did day pass over so drearily—most of the passengers returning to their berths in despair. Amid the general discontent and disaffection, it is amusing to observe the contented demeanor of the Captain, who is in no hurry to get ashore himself, and spends his time in chuckling over the idea of having made such an excellent voyage.

But there is an end to our tribulation at last. After another night of suspense, we come upon deck to look at the Australian sky in one of its most exhilarating aspects,—a sweet blue sky, dotted here and there with white, fleecy clouds of every conceivable shape, and the bright, mellow sun lighting up the entire picture, without anything like an exhausting glare. Now we can form an idea of the proportions of the magnificent harbor and the picturesque beauty of the coast—Williamstown, St. Kilda, Brighton, Mount Macedon, and other places with the name of which, as very new chums, we were duly ignorant. The country seemed to have suddenly sprung from

a trance, and our spirits joyfully participate in the resurrection. Now we shall at last see the beloved friends from whom we have been separated so long, and in the excitement of a new career, in this "new and happy land," endeavor to forget the sorrow of our separation from the old country. The bay is now alive with boats, for the news of our arrival was circulated through the city two days ago. All the passengers are upon deck—each looking out for the boat which contains the parent or husband or wife or child; and the spectacle of each happy little group, as friends or relatives are thus reunited, is something not to be forgotten soon. In a very few hours this vast throng of human beings will be scattered over Melbourne —to enter upon many a varied career—some, mayhap, to realise all their anticipations of honor and prosperity, but many (and perhaps the most amiable) certain to perish under the bitter realities of life at the Antipodes.

SUMMARY.

LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, AND EDUCATIONAL.—Our number this month, affords nothing remarkable, the course of events having run in a very quiet current, even for Melbourne. The *Philosophical Institute* held their ordinary meeting on the 1st June, Dr. Iffla occupying the chair. Mr. John Cairn read a paper on the silver mines of the Cerro de Pasco, and the passage to them across the Andes. It was well illustrated by diagrams and excited a short discussion. The Hon. John Hood read a lengthy paper on the drainage of Melbourne, in which the subject was discussed from both a scientific and economic point of view. The writer advocated the system of pipe-drains now so largely in use in Great Britain, and the raising of the necessary funds by local taxation. He estimated the cost at £2,800 per mile, and the length of drainage at one hundred and fifty miles. A sewer-rate of one shilling in the pound would, he believed, be sufficient for the purpose required. He urged the institute to take some steps to secure public attention to the matter. A rather sharp discussion followed, in which the effluvia arising from the drains that ran from the Melbourne Hospital was commented upon. Mr. Rawlinson denied the existence of any engineering difficulties. Mr. A. K. Smith recommended tunnelling, and Dr. Becker gave notice that he should move at the next meeting, for a committee to consider the best method of draining the city of Melbourne, and the meeting adjourned. On the 22nd, the Institute again met, Mr. Hodgkinson taking the chair. Messrs. H. Miller, Martin Gardiner, C.E., J. B. Hickson, and William Grappert, of the University of Breslaw, were placed on the list of honorary members. The report of the Legislative Council Committee, on the Aborigines, was presented by Dr. Becker, and a

letter was read from the private secretary, enclosing, a copy of one from the British Society of Arts, with reference to the preparation of accurate accounts of the condition and resources of the colonies. A committee, consisting of the Deputy Surveyor-General, the Government Botanist, the Government Geologist, the Government Analytical Chemist, the Director of Museums, the Director of the Model Farm, and Messrs. G. Holmes, Dr. Bleasdale, A. K. Smith, and Dr. McGillivray, was appointed to prepare the desired report. This matter being disposed of, Dr. Becker moved for a Committee to inquire into and report on the best system for the drainage of Melbourne—Messrs. John Hood, David Wilkie, Dr. Becker, Dr. McAdam, C. Hodgkinson, A. K. Smith, Dr. Gilbee, and the Rev. Mr. Higginson, to form the committee. Dr. Macadam moved as an amendment :—"That an application be made to the Sewage and Water Commission, to urge them to action in the matter." A discussion followed, in which Lieutenant Amsinck, Mr. Fitzgibbon, and Mr. Hodgkinson supported the amendment; Mr. Hood, Dr. Mackenna, the Rev. Mr. Higginson, and Mr. A. K. Smith, advocated the original resolution, which was ultimately carried by 21 to 5. Dr. Macadam informed the meeting that the Council had accepted a tender for their new building, at the sum of £2,700, which would complete the hall with the exception of exterior finishings. The dimensions of the room were 70 feet in length, by 35 in width, and 35 in height, the proportion being that of a double cube. Papers were read by Mr. Nissen, on the domesticated animals of South America that would be useful in Victoria, and on the use of gold by the aborigines of South America. A vote of thanks to the reader terminated the proceedings. We notice that £450 out of the £600 voted by Parliament for premiums to induce essays on subjects relative to the resources of the colony, has been placed at the disposal of the Institute, who, we believe, intend to include an essay on mining on their list. We thing this a gross injustice to the Mining Institute, a body far more capable of coming to a satisfactory decision on such a subject, than a mixed Council like that of the Philosophical. This sort of favoritism is very disgraceful to the Government.

The Melbourne University has received the honor of a royal decree according the same precedence to degrees conferred by it, as is given to those granted by the universities of the United Kingdom. We trust the council will see fit to abandon the idea of lectures by contract after such a distinction. The subject of the Vice Chancellor's prize of 20 guineas for the best English essay for the years 1859-60 is, "The History of the Australian Gold-fields from their discovery to the present time, including a concise description of the various implements and machinery which have been used in mining for Victoria."

The Educational Institute held its monthly meeting on the 4th June. The principal business transacted was the appointment of a

committee to ascertain what support a new educational journal would meet with. It was stated by a member that 500 copies of a paper equal in size to "My Note Book" could be obtained for £10. After the committee had been appointed, a discussion followed on a paper read by Mr. Inglis at a previous meeting, on phonetic spelling, and on the advantage of teaching phonetics as a branch of instruction in the schools. Nothing definite came of it.

The teachers connected with denominational schools at Sandhurst, have memoralized His Excellency against the reductions in the salaries consequent on the new rules adopted by the Board. His Excellency suggested that economical considerations had enforced the rules, but promised to lay the memorial before the proper authorities. Another deputation waited on Mr. Archer, a member of the Denominational Board, to represent the hardships of certificated teachers from home being exposed to fresh examinations here, instead of at once taking their proper position. Mr. Archer expressed sympathy with the teachers, and held out some hope that their wishes would be complied with.

The Microscopic Society held a meeting on the 23rd June. Some interesting papers were read by the secretary, and the discussion on them and on objects sent by various members, was protracted till a late hour.

There has been considerable activity in the way of *Lectures* during the month. Dr. Eades has lectured on 'Tonics,' and on on Physiology. The Rev. Mr. Boag on the etymological structure of the English language, and Mr. Murray on phonetic short-hand.. Mr. James Smith gave a helping hand to the Young Men's Christian Improvement Association, by a reading at the Mechanics' Institute, from Dombey and Son, which was well attended. There were several minor lectures at different places in the suburbs which we regret we have not space to notice.

We have received notice of the formation of an "Athenæum" at Sandhurst, but too late for us to give particulars. We wish it every success.

MINING.—The escort returns for the month have been exceedingly good, and have tended to brighten the otherwise dull aspect of the times. They are as follows:—

		ozs.	dwts.
June	3rd.	41,202	10
"	10th.	44,442	0
"	17th.	47,474	0
"	24th.	53,341	10
"	30th.	48,055	0

The weekly average was 46,903 ozs. per week, being about 400 oz. beyond that of the preceding month, but considerably beyond the corresponding period of the preceding year.

The reports from the different fields are satisfactory. The escort returns from *Beudigo* speak well for the district, and the new rush

at Huntley seems likely to be maintained. At *Castlemaine*, the Forest Creek Gold-Washing and the Old Pennyweight Companies have begun operations with good prospects. Some of the reefs in this district afford good returns from crushing, 66 ozs. 17 dwts. being the produce of 4 tons at Nuggety Reef, and 20 ozs. to the ton the yield at Cornish Reef. At *Ballaarat*, there has been nothing of importance save one of those disastrous floods which so materially impede the prosperity of the district. The excitement respecting the Brown's River leases has died away for the present, to be renewed, we presume, in the superior courts of law. At *M'Ivor*, the prospects of the miners seem of the brightest. The puddlers are getting good retnrns for their labor, while the quartz reefs are paying well. At Whroo 28½ tons yielded 231 ozs. 10 dwts. The *Back Creek* still continues to maintain its character of a paying and disorderly gold-field. The floods consequent on the late rains have inflicted a good deal of damage, the dulness from which the discovery of an 113 oz. nugget has scarcely been sufficient to dissipate. There have been various rushes in the vicinity, one to Mount Glasgow being thought likely to result in very rich returns. As yet these expectations have not been realised. At the *Indigo* the seasonable rains have enabled the miners to wash out their stuff, and the results have been sufficient to compensate them at least moderately for their labor. Some discontent has been evinced at an irruption of Chinese, and the formation of a Chinese Camp on the Ovens. At Yackandandah the formation of water races for sluicng companies, which was proceeding with vigor, has been somewhat hindered by floods. In one case a loss of £2,000 has been experienced from these visitations by a party of miners. At *Tarrengower* there is not much life, but the reefs seem steady. *Maryboro'* preserves its old fame as a quartz district, 116 ozs. having been got from 12½ tons of stone. But *Reedy Creek* presents the most extraordinary verified instance of large yields, 696 ozs. having been taken from 17 tons in 4 days. Hope points to still larger yields, as stone has been taken from Wayman's Reef, near *Mount Moliagul*, which is expected to yield 100 ozs. to the ton. On the gold fields to the east, there is little doing. A company has been formed to work one of Dr. Otway's machines on *Anderson's Creek*. The Dandenong diggers make no noise about their proceedings, but they are evidently doing well.

We notice the formation of a new mining company, with a capital of £1,000,000, but its operations do not appear to be definitely fixed.

The Mining Institute has, we presume, held some meetings, but we have no report of them. We trust to see some signs of a vigorous activity ere long.

COMMERCIAL.—The *Argus* gives the statement of imports and exports up to the 18th June, as follows :—

Imports, ...	£6,617,724
Exports, ...	6,134,741
Balance of Imports,	£ 482,983

At the corresponding period last year, the account stood thus :—

Exports, ...	£6,307,790
Imports, ...	6,214,923
Balance of Exports,	£ 92,867

So far, therefore, as the balance of trade is concerned, the comparison is against the present year.

The gain by emigration during the year, so far as it has been made up to the 18th June, is thus given :—

Arrivals, ...	15,276
Departures, ...	8,770
Increase, ...	6,506

The traffic returns on the Government railways are as follows :—

Week ending June, 2,	£1,432	11	9
" 9,	1,244	17	2
" 16,	1,288	16	5
" 23,	1,173	7	1

The general trade reports speak of a very prevalent dullness in every department ; but some hopes are entertained of a revival at the expiry of the first half-year. For the details upon which this opinion is founded, we must refer our readers to the *Journal of Commerce*, published by Hargreaves & Co., which is not only exclusively devoted to such subjects, but is the best compendium of the kind extant in the colonies.

The banks who transacted the railway loan for the Government, gave notice on the 28th June, that they would cease to allow interest on deposits after the termination of the current quarter. They at the same time reduced the rate of discount for three months' bills to seven per cent. ; for four months' bills to eight per cent. Overdrawn and cash credits stand at ten per cent. This step has excited considerable comment and some dissatisfaction.

AGRICULTURE.—The statistics of the year ending 31st March last, have been published, and afford some very useful data. The prevailing impression that the crops were below the usual average, is confirmed by this report. Not much judgment seems to have been shown by our farmers in their choice of cereals. The produce in oats has increased on last year by 881,355 bushels, while on wheat there was a decrease of 257,434 bushels, and in barley of 42,026 bushels. Very large importations of oats have depressed the market to an unremunerative condition. Large parcels were bought up the country on speculation, at 6s. and 5s. 9d., and stored in March last. It will be at least nine or ten months before any chance of realising the price given can be hoped for.

A vessel of questionable fame, the Acis, arrived at this port in the latter part of the month, from Chili, and bringing news of a revolution and its concomitant destruction of property in that part, its arrival was followed by an immediate rise in flour of from 3*l.* to 4*l.*, per ton. A well grounded doubt of the truth of the intelligence has however, operated to prevent a further rise.

GENERAL.—There are few facts prominent enough to justify our encroaching upon the province of a newspaper, but this month we have to step out of our usual course, and revert to some matters of sufficient importance to justify our so doing.

Mr. Henry Miller, a man of great wealth, Chairman of the Bank of Victoria and Commissioner of Trade and Customs, has been challenged by the press with being concerned in a very singular transaction, the facts of the case standing thus :—Cornish and Bruce, contractors for the railway to Sandhurst, required aid when they commenced the undertaking, and accordingly obtained the acceptance of Messrs. Vaughan and Wild which, the Bank of Victoria—covered also by collateral securities, deposited by Cornish and Bruce—discounted, Messrs. Vaughan and Wild charging the usual commission. This transaction was repeated as occasion required, until as alleged by Messrs, Vaughan and Wild, Mr. Miller found it profitable to interfere, and took the business—with which he was acquainted in his capacity as Bank Director—out of their hands, and placed it with a new Insurance Company, of which he and other members of the Government are directors. Mr. Bruce, in a lately published letter, denies the statement made as to Mr. Miller, and treats the matter as simply a voluntary renunciation of Messrs. Vaughan and Wild's aid, because he and his partner had made profit enough to dispense with it. In reply, Mr. Wild, in substance, repeats his charge, and intimates that he will decline further controversy, save in a court of law, which he has already appealed to.

The other circumstance to which we refer is this. James Mulholland, Town Clerk of Ballaarat East, was found deficient in his cash, and thereupon fled. Being apprehended, and tried, it turned out that his taking cash at different times for his own purposes, was known to some members of the Finance Committee of that Municipality, and that he had previously made up his balances at the appointed time. It appeared that members of the Council had had help from its cash-box without a vote also. For his offence he was sentenced to 5 years on the roads.

Now for the contrast. Louis George, a draper, doing a good business, had been for years in the habit of pilfering from former employers, and from houses with which he dealt. His thefts were supposed to have been upwards of £1,000. He was tried, pleaded guilty on one charge, and sentenced to *three weeks' imprisonment.*

NOTE.—The gentleman who was engaged to supply the dramatic summary having been unable to furnish it in time, we are reluctantly compelled to close our pages without it.